Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. M. K., of Michigan, is informed that the Post Office is the medium through which we prefer to receive remittances for subscription. The *risk* we consider nothing—as not one dollar in fifty thousand, so forwarded, has failed to reach us, during many years of constant experience in such matters.

A remarkably fine Trotting Stallion by Mambrino, has been purchased this week for Kentucky. He is a blood bay, sixteen hands high, of superb finish and action, and without training is equal to three minutes and a half, before a heavy wagon. His destination is Lexington, for which city he starts early next week. Another is wanted to accompany him.

J. B. K. The list will appear in the March number.

P. C. S. will see that his request is attended to.

R. S. S., of the A., is apprised that the stock referred to in his letter has been sold. There is a variety, however, in the market, and if he will inform us what he requires, we will endeavor to suit him.

The "Western Love Letter" is received, but as its publication would be worse than crucifixion to S. F., we trust S. and his friends will not press the matter farther. We have not commenced writing any thing of the kind for ourselves yet, but shall save poor F.'s, and possibly may get a hint or two from that. It beats cock-fighting hollow!

J. M. H. The second part of 'Tom Trigor's Exploits" is received, and with pleasure acknowledged. You will get both papers and magazines the first general thaw.

F. T.'s letter relative to the trotting stallion has been received. We have purchased one, but as another is required it is very possible we shall find him a customer.

J. H. A. will see that his request has been complied with. The setter will be shipped forthwith.

Dr J. B., of Ill. We have much pleasure in complying with your various requests. The payment alluded to has been made. When this meets your eye, a parcel will be lying at your post office, unless Amos' "familiars" spirit it away on the journey.

W. L. E., of Va., is informed that a remittance in the funds, and through the medium he names, will be entirely satisfactory to us.

A B C D and E are playing at Loo; A and B throw up—C E and D stand. C leads, D follows suit; E holds only the ace of trumps, and cannot follow suit. Is E not bound to take the trick?——Yes, as Loo is played here. Hoyle has no rule for this species of the game. In England each successive player is bound "to head the trick"; with us, the last must "kill" it.

G. T.'s letter relative to A. reached us last night, and shall have immediate attention

W. H. Your letter reached us yesterday. You shall have an answer forthwith.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1840.

Agriculture.—Man is prone to extremes in his fancies and tastes, too often pursuing a mere vagary of his imagination till he becomes entangled in real difficulties. Nothing is more common than to meet with an enthusiastic, dreamy student, who has cheated himself into the belief, that in the calm pursuit of husbandry is to be found the Elysium for which he sighs. Over the warm pastorals of some poetic swain, and the sober georgic of the classic Maro, he conjures up scenes of ideal happiness;—with the little farm he covets, he associates in his mind's eye youth, and innocence, and love, tranquil leisure, the charms of music, soft slumbers in shady groves, lulled by the humming of bees, or the murmur of sparkling rills on a summer's afternoon in June.

Even the more prosaic cit—disgusted for the moment by the issue of an ill-planned venture, or imagining himself miserable in the busy strife of commerce, and the hurry and bustle of the town—fumum strepitumque Romæ—inconsiderately throws up the pursuit in which his mind has hitherto found its activity, and thence its health and happiness, and betakes himself to his broad acres—in which, as they in a measure represent the fruits of his years of toil, he vainly hopes to find the two-fold joys of a crowning return for his moneys, and calm contentment.

Both these classes, counting too lightly the actual cares of agriculture, and mistaking the real sources of their enjoyment, most often taste the bitter fruit of their precipitancy in a variety of annoyances, utterly unlooked for, and straightway they abandon their once coveted rural shades, and hie them—the one to his books, his music, and his musings, while the other again seeks out his friends "on 'change," and re-treads the busy mart.

The real *desagremens* of farming, to one not early conversant with its details, or enthusiastic in its pursuit, have never been better depicted than in a recent article in "Blackwood's Magazine." It consists of two letters on the subject, which may be found on the 8th page of this paper. The length of it will commend it to the scholar who will but dip into the first column, and taste of its classic elegance; while its brilliant wit and humorous incidents of an amateur farmer's life will amply reward him who may have less relish for its other charms.

The purpose of thus calling attention to the article is, in the first place, to secure for it a reading, and then to disavow to any captious reader (should there be any one so morbid in his jealousy) any intention of trifling with the subject, of showing up wantonly the ill favored traits in a pursuit so honorable. It will occur to the sagacious reader that the writer himself must have appreciated thoroughly all the utility, the elegance, and the dignity of agriculture.—An apology should perhaps be made for not marking out one anecdote of American life—probably wholly fictitious, or certainly exaggerated beyond reason. It was, however, thought more fit to let the Englishman write on in his own way, that all might enjoy a smile at his credulity, or be reminded to correct within the sphere of their influence a rudeness of manner—incident, perhaps, to an extreme frontier residence, though even there not common—which could give any color to a story so silly.

We have this moment received a superb engraving from the "Albion" office—the *Queen's Palace*, from St. James's Park. It is worth nearly the price of subscription to that journal—in all other particulars one of the most elegant and valuable newspapers in America.

New Books.—Our table is covered with a pile of books, the accumulation of several weeks. It is impossible for us to-day to do much more than name them.

From the HARPERS of this city, we have Mrs. TROLLOPE's *Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy,*—a tale of deep, tho' often painful interest;—*Preferment, or my Uncle, the Earl,* by Mrs. GORE, and *Henry of Guise,* the last novel of JAMES, the acknowledged head of contemporary historical novelists. His last is not his best effort, but is yet extremely interesting.

From LEA & BLANCHARD, of Philadelphia, we have received *Trials of the Heart,* by Mrs. BRAY, author of Trelawney and other popular novels; *Memoirs of the French Revolution,* by Madame TUSSAUD—a very curious book from a queer hand, and *Sam Slick's Letter Bag of the Great Western,* the wittiest thing we have read in a twelvemonth. It is in one 12mo. volume, but all in the happiest vein of its author; the abdication is especially good. Next week our readers shall have "a taste" of some of the letters. These works are on sale at the Messrs. CARVILLS, in this city. The letters are supposed to be written by the various passengers,—French, Germans, Jews, Quakers, and Yankees. The journal of an actress is inimitably fine—a perfect travestie of Fanny Kemble's. A letter from *Master Tom Trotter* recounting his several larks on board is exquisite. You are reminded incessantly of HOOD by the manner and the wit of the whole collection.

English Sporting.

THE APPROACHING RACING SEASON IN ENGLAND.

The period has now arrived when, in anticipation of frosty nights and severe weather, the horses in training at Newmarket and elsewhere retire to their boxes, whence they are suffered to emerge but once a day to walk in their paddocks. Indeed, if we consider the severe discipline entailed by Stevenson, Marston, and one or two others, this cessation from regular work is as necessary to the constitution of the horse as his understandings. I must, I suppose, except the stud of Lord Exeter, whose gigantic riding-school will now come into operation, by which means his Lordship confidently expects his horses will be a clear month before any one of his neighbors. With due reference to the noble Marquis, horses in the present day are more apt to be more forward than the reverse, and this is especially the case in the stable of Lord Jersey, and with those horses prepared for their engagements in the Craven and First Spring Meetings, even the latter a clear month before the Epsom. The grand art consists in training to the day, as perfection, even if attainable, we all know is not enduring. How often, by grasping at the little fish in the spring, is the grand coup thrown over? Alas! to think of it! the remembrance of what Cæsar might have done is strong indeed. The horses, then, being now at rest, the betting and speculation on the next Derby is not likely to undergo any striking variations until after Christmas, and a fitting opportunity presents itself that I should oblige your several correspondents who have expressed a wish that I should "say my say" as to the future. Previously to which I must here notice an error which occurred (and for which I can scarcely account) in my review of the season. I there stated that W. Scott was the only jockey who ever rode a dead heat for the Derby and St. Leger (so far correct); but I added, that he was successful in both the deciding heats; whereas it was the unparalleled James Robinson who was the final conqueror on Cadland for the former.

The first horse backed for the ensuing Derby was, I think, Defendant [out of Lady Stumps], purchased by Lord Lichfield for 1500 gs.; 20 to 1 was taken about him at Ascot, and so little as 18 at Crockford's, previous to his debut at Goodwood; nothing could justify the odds, certes not the public running: the same odds were taken about Westonian after running the same race in 1838, but how differently did he win it. I consider Defendant a plater of the first class, about as good as the Margaret colt, or Jeffy. The next that figured in the betting was Glenorchy [by Glencoe, out of Cobweb], at 12, 15, 25, 40 to 1, and Muley Ishmael [by Ishmael, out of Filagree] at 15 and 20, which has hitherto been his varying price. Launcelot [brother to Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter] came out at 28 and 25 to 1 a month before Doncaster; he was a worse favorite, although the odds were stationary after the Champagne, which he just won. To look at his public running, it is very bad, I mean a shade better than Fitzroy and the Emilia colt, and about as good as the brother to Euclid's; but there is this to be said about Launcelot, he has that about him that is necessary for a race horse, and a more improving two-year-old, a horse more likely to run on, I never saw; but it is not this that establishes him at 20 to 1; no, it is that John Scott trains him; men (not horses) are backed at Tattersall's. Sir Gilbert appeared so bad in the Derby of this year (his best horse was amiss) that we began to fear his lot were not a going for to come, and to regret that Mr. W. Ridsdale had nothing to supply the place, as had the latter a donkey he would to a certainty have been backed, *because* Bloomsbury won the Derby; however, my fears were dispelled in the October Meeting, Bokhara [by Samarcand, out of Zenobia] coming at such a devil of a pace that I shrewdly suspect he will need beat a retreat; good trial no doubt; but 'tis the money, not the trial, that will be wanting to keep him at 18 to 1. Lord Oxford's Angelica colt [by Clearwell], since the death of Mr. Hart, in the hands of Mr. Thornhill's trainer, has, up to the hour I write, been backed for at least twice as much money as any horse in the race; I like not the Clearwell blood for distance, but the horse goes strong and well; no good and honest judge condemns unheard, nor I unseen. Mr. Wreford's Wardan [by Glencoe, out of Margellina] has not been beat: can this high compliment be paid to any horse that has yet seen 25 to 1? Answer—No! If any result can be drawn from collateral running, Wardan is as superior to every two-year-old that appeared at Doncaster, as Crucifix *was* to every one that ran at Newmarket; he is, to my surprise, not so good a favorite as he was, but it does not happen to be in our power to live at Stockbridge; therefore, what has occurred since, we know not; let us hope he is free from the crucifying complaint If I had to choose a horse now in the Derby to beat anything, it would be Wardan, and no mistake. St Andrew and Prince Albert did not come into the world, but went back hand and glove together. I never incline to these very dark and mysterious beings.

Without at present specifying any more, I may add, nine horses have already seen 20 to 1, as many more have been backed at a less figure than 30, and several (in my humble judgment) of the finest animals in the race *not at all.* Euclid was not mentioned last season until March; Clarion and Dart a month or more later, but as it is on all sides admitted that while the two-year-old colts that have appeared in public are below mediocrity, so I am strengthened in my conviction (from the fact of the mares being above), that there are mares in the Derby worth backing, although the awful Crucifix is not one of them. Lord George Bentinck issued a manifesto to the effect that Grey Milton was not worth backing for the Derby. Poor Arthur Pavis died at Newmarket on the 15th of last month; and the only memoir I can bestow on him is, that he rode second for the Derby, Oaks, and St Leger in 1838, an unlucky feat, I should say, never before accomplished by one individual in one year, and that he died as he lived, an honest jockey. *On dit,* that Scott's horses are not coming to Newmarket. I, for one, am thankful, as I shall then know nothing at all about them; and I am quite sure, in this case—

> "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

London, Dec. 14. JUDEX.
Lodon Morning Post.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

MONDAY, Dec. 16.—For so dull a period the betting this afternoon was tolerably animated, the Angelica colt, Brother to Euclid, and Ottoman having been supported freely for the Derby—the Oaks, at the same time, being subjected to one or two important fluctuations. Of the two first-mentioned Derby favorites, the Yorkshire horse had the call, a point less than we have quoted him, having been taken, in one instance, to a hundred pounds. Muley Ishmael was forced back a point; 18 to 1 would have been taken, but the disposition to back him was far from general; a similar remark may be made with regard to Launcelot and Bokhara, who were not in much favor; 24 to 1 was laid against the latter, but the taker would have gone on St. Andrew rose to 25 to 1 offers, or takers of 30 to 1—nothing was done. The Velvet colt and Prince Albert left off at 40 to 1 each; 35 to 1 had previously been taken about the first of the two.

THE OAKS.—The increased offers against Crucifix give color to the belief so long entertained, that she is not up to the mark; 8 to 1 was betted against her to fifty pounds, and afterwards offered currently; 200 even was laid on Currency against her, and for some time it was doubtful which of the two, or Lalla Rookh, was first favorite; the subsequent betting, however, left Crucifix at the head of the poll, but with so small a majority as scarcely to warrant an expectation that her continuance there will be of any long duration.

THURSDAY, Dec. 19.—The few engagements entered into this afternoon had little effect on the odds; it is only necessary to point out a trifling improvement in Brother to Euclid, who was a clear point in advance of the Angelica colt; 16 to 1 was taken three or four times about the latter. Muley Ishmael dropped a point, and Wardan two (taken); and if we add to these changes that Ottoman and Glenorchy were in demand, at diminished prices, we shall have comprehended every movement worthy of notice in a very dull afternoon.

DERBY.

MONDAY, Dec 16.		THURSDAY, Dec. 19.
——	....Lord Jersey's lot	1200 to 100 (tk)
16 to 1 agst (tk)	....Bro. to Euclid	15 to 1 (tk)
16 to 1 —— (tk)	....Angelica colt..........	16 to 1 (tk)
17 to 1 ——	....Muley Ishmael..........	18 to 1
20 to 1 ——	....Launcelot	——
20 to 1 ——	....Wardan	22 to 1 (tk)
24 to 1 —— (tk)	....Bokhara	22 to 1
25 to 1 ——	....St. Andrew	——
33 to 1 —— (tk)	....Ottoman..........	30 to 1 (tk)
40 to 1 —— (tk)	....Velvet colt..........	——
40 to 1 —— (tk)	....Prince Albert	——
40 to 1 ——	....Fitzroy	——
35 to 1 —— (tk)	....Glenorchy	33 to 1 (tk)
——	....Grey Milton	2000 to 40 (tk)
——	....May Boy	1000 to 15 (tk)
50 to 1 —— (tk)	....Janus (Lord Albemarle's)	50 to 1 (tk)
50 to 1 —— (tk)	....Confederate	——
1000 to 5 —— (tk)	....Schedam colt..........	——
600 to 300 on	....Muley Ishmael agst Glenorchy	——
——	....Grey Milton agst May Boy..........	1000 even
——	....Ditto agst Ditto..........	500 to 400 on G. M.
——	....Bro. to Euclid, Bokhara, Angelica colt, and Launcelot..........	200 to 50 (tk)

OAKS.

MONDAY, Dec 16.		THURSDAY, Dec. 19.
8 to 1 agst	....Crucifix	——
9 to 1 —— (tk)	....Lalla Rookh	——
10 to 1 —— (tk)	....Currency	——
15 to 1 —— (tk)	....Rowton's dam	——
16 to 1 —— (tk)	....Pocahontas	——
25 to 1 —— (tk)	....Diploma	——
——	....Christinetta	30 to 1 (tk)
——	....Lord Albemarle's lot..........	10 to 1 (tk)
—— agst	....Duke of Grafton's winning Derby and Oaks	1000 to 10 (tk)

THE LATE TROT IN ENGLAND.

"Bell's Life in London," of the 15th Dec. contained the following letter commenting upon the report of *Bob Logic's* (Rattler's) great trot at Liverpool. Added to which is a letter, and challenge in reply from the same paper of the following week.

THE GLASGOW MARE AND BOB LOGIC.—Sir—Observing in your valuable Paper of this week another match which came off between the American horse, Bob Logic, and the Glasgow Mare, Saturday, the 30th Nov., being the day after the Great Trotting Match, and being an eye-witness to that day's sport, I beg to inform you of several errors which your correspondent appears to have given you. In the first place, the Glasgow Mare was not more than 5 seconds (instead of 15 behind him; and the gentleman who rode her weighed 12st 2lbs. (instead of 15lbs. less than the horse;) and instead of Mr. Smith's or Wheelan's face being so wet as if dipped in a pail of water, with holding in the horse behind the mare, it was quite the reverse, which Mr. Smith will no doubt own himself, and to give the proof of it, his owner would not take less than six hundred guineas the night previous, and now he is offered for half the sum, 300. The Glasgow Mare can still be backed against him for from £500 to £1,000, to trot 15 or 20 miles on a turnpike road.

Glasgow, Dec. 11, 1839. A SUBSCRIBER.

HIBERNIAN GENTLEMAN JOCKS.—We give the fifth number of these Sketches in our paper to day. The preceding one drew from Bell's Life the following paragraph.

We have received a letter from "Patrick" (the writing is familiar to us), in which, after admitting the excellence of the first and second portraits of the "Hibernian Gentleman Jocks," the correctness of Mr. Montgomery's is attacked in tolerably forcible language—it is pronounced, in fact, to be no portrait at all. As the letter shows something like personal feeling, we shall content ourselves with extracting the matter of it. The writer asserts that "he [Mr. Montgomery] regularly attends the Curragh Meetings," where he is "sedulously engaged in advancing his own interests, which is all fair when not done at the expense of others;" that "he rides his own horse for every Corinthian race, with generally a fair chance of success, as he is not far off when the weights are settling, it being a handicap;" he accounts for Jenny Jones' winning in the same way. Patrick also asserts, that the fact of Mr. M. having been one of the stewards of the Turf Club is "a proof unquestionable of the decline of racing in Ireland." To use the writer's own words in another part of his letter, "*non credo.*" The writer who, if we mistake not, is no mean performer in the saddle, concludes by asserting that the country meetings have been injured in the estimation of the public by Mr. M.'s constant attendance at the weighting of the horses, and that, in consequence, the owners of horses in training for them have determined, as far as it is in their power, to place the handicapping in the hands of the local Stewards

To this "Shamrock" makes the following reply.

ARTHUR MONTGOMERY, ESQ.—PORTRAIT AND NO PORTRAIT.—*Dear Editor.*—By your last paper I perceive you have had a letter from an unknown correspondent, signed "Patrick," in which, from the extracts given by you, I find he differs from me in the description given of Arthur Montgomery, Esq., and states that the "Portrait is No Portrait at all." Now the portrait painter, while he adheres to the general resemblance, whether from human knowledge called tact, or from his natural propensity to color in general, embellishes the object, and a morbose mug often assumes the glow of health under canvass; the portrait writer may also embellish so far as regards the imaginative part, but he must be even more stern in his profiles, and his *facts must* be guided and portrayed by truth alone; and while I acknowledge the brush and the paint, I stand by the chiselling.

Now for a few facts in reply to Patrick, Mr. Montgomery attends the Curragh meetings; it is true, and I should think that he does the best he can for his horse. Mr. Montgomery is a person who would not deviate from the true path for millions, but Mr. Montgomery is no fool, and does not allow himself to be robbed if he can help it. Does Patrick? Mr. Montgomery has ridden as many losing races for the Corinthians as most men, and he never won them but twice (I believe) with his own horse, although he has been riding for them for the last fifteen years. Patrick cannot be a member of the Turf Club, or he would know that no person having a horse in a handicap can weight him or any other horse in the race, and that the handicappers are always in a room by themselves, and to which no person is ever admitted. Mr. Montgomery never won in a handicap with a Curragh weights until Jenny Jones came out, and he has been beaten so often in the country stakes that a less determined sportsman would have given it up long ago. The greatest number of country stake have been won by Mr. Barry, who is not a member of the Turf Club. For the last ten years Mr. Montgomery has always been asked to weight the horses in all the handicaps at country meetings, and has almost always refused; but whenever he has done so, the public have been rewarded by a good race. I have one hundred times heard Mr. Barry, Mr. Coghlan, Doctor O'Neill, and all the sporting men of the South, ask Mr. Montgomery to handicap their horses without the assistance of any other handicapper; and in the only three handicaps in which I assisted him and which he wrote out, and I merely issued, we were rewarded by three heats in two, and a most desperate race in the third. Patrick mistakes about the Irish Turf: the Irish Turf is springing fast into notice; and Mr Montgomery, who weights very often for the Kirmans and Wellingtons, never won either; but if he did, is a man's good fortune to be a proof of his knavery? What must Lord George Bentinck, and all the large winners be? And to conclude. When provincial Turf Clubs were spoken of, the cause assigned was (and a very valid one, in my mind) that the Stewards of the Turf Club had often to weight "provincial horses," of whose merits they knew nothing; and I state *as a fact—for I was present*—that Mr. Montgomery was mentioned at the fittest person to be President of the County of Cork Provincial Turf Club. Now those are facts.

There is nothing I regret more than being obliged to write this reply to Patrick, as I only introduced Mr. Montgomery's name into the "Hibernian Jocks" for the sake of their own credit. Patrick must be indeed allowed a full claim to singularity in his opinion of Mr. Montgomery, and he may be looked upon as the "great Original," as the domestic cat remarked to the emancipated tiger.

Belfast, Dec. 16, 1839. [SHAMROCK.

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HIBERNIAN GENTLEMAN JOCKS.

ALLAN M'DONOGH, ESQ., ALIAS YOUNG MUCK.

The Juvenile Muck is a worthy branch of the Muck arbor, and has the same claims to heraldic fame as the ould 'un, save in antiquity, inasmuch as he is many years his junior; the old poet tells us—

"When house and land is gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent;"

but as Young Muck had not much of the former, so he thought nothing of the latter part, and held a bridle before he ever held a pen, and was a capital horseman before he could form a capital letter; in short, had the east been honored by his birth, he would have been a camel driver in petticoats, but as the west was his mother's land he was simply, from the donkey to the pony, from the pony to the hack, from the hack to the hunter, from the hunter to the long tail, a race rider. He was but a green 'un when I saw him ride well to the Ormond hounds, then in their highest vogue; he was upon what in Ireland is called "a strammel," i. e. a long-necked, ill snaffled, long-backed, brute of a thoro' bred 'un, with shocking bad fore legs, and worse hind ones, and with as much carcase as a heron in a frost, and yet he put him along in good style, although the brute knew as much about fencing as a pet elephant; he got some bad falls, but there is a vitality about him that would add the round dozen to a cat's lives, and his body takes as much grinding from his parent earth as a bag of flints would—and unless he marries I shall doubt the existence of a rib about him at all. Allan commenced his early career in that bone-breaking county of Galway, and trained on rapidly, but he did not attain his full blow until the mania for steeple chacing seized the unfortunate gents of the county of Cork; and here it may be as well to let you into the system of the most part of the Gentlemen Jocks' mode of doing business in Ireland. In Ireland all Gentlemen Jocks are *bona fide* gentlemen, they are always ready to prove their gentility by their pistols, their swagger, and their debts; a great number of them are generally attended by bailiffs, whom they mortally detest, which is rather ungrateful by-the-bye, as they are "ould followers" of their family in general. I once heard one of those worthies address the steward thus: "Sir, I will and must call for a start, for if I am not off this course in less than an hour I have reason to know that I shall be sealed, and no mistake." But to resume, they are all gentlemen. Suppose the father of one to have been a peasant, very well, the son calls himself an ould Milesian. Suppose the father of another to have been tried and sent to Botany Bay, very well, his grandfather was an ould Cromwellian, who sold his property, and his father, born a gentleman, could not bring himself to work, and committed a small mistake. Suppose a third the son of an attorney's clerk, very well, his ancestor was a Williamite, and little did he think that a son of his should be engaged in the pacific trade, when he earned his laurels by the sword; and so those gentlemen born come to your house a month before the race with one suit of clothes—they borrow first your pumps, then a pair of silk stockings, then a black pair of trousers, and take chance for getting more clothes in a hunt; they lie in the best bed-room, faugh! smoke in your parlor and dining room, and get cigars and gloves in your name from the neighboring town; make love to your wife or your sisters in the evening, and make them, teach them, to dance quadrilles; ride your horses, and keep your own man employed cleaning their only pair of leathern breeches, and, after making you the laugh of your neighborhood, and causing a division between you and your ancient friends, they make you bet them 25 to 5 against their winning, which, if they do win the dirty £50 plate, you must pay, and, if they lose, they can't; and they end by trotting off some morning without beat of drum, carrying with them half your wardrobe; abusing your horse, and not their riding, for losing, and leaving you with your horses hacked, your saddles broken, your domestic neighborhood completely destroyed; and this is the history of some of the Irish Jocks *who would not take payment*, and who would shoot that man who doubted their gentility. This is no over-drawn sketch, many an unwooed evidence is ready to attest its truth; it is too fresh to be denied, the stains are still to be seen on the carpets, still to to be eradicated from the minds of the unfortunate victims; their promissory notes remain unpaid, their deposit of one top-boot still hangs in solitary grandeur on the wall, their dudheens still nestle in the hob, and the smouldering ashes give evidence of the recentness of the foray. Nay, more, the sacred deposit of a mother's death-bed, your young and innocent sister, dazzled by the hero, may fall a victim and become the partner of a wandering cosmopolite without an habitation, and whose name were better far to have been buried in oblivion—all for a £50 plate—Eheu! Allan M'Donogh is, however (as far as my knowledge of him goes), a well-conducted man, and has ridden for many gentlemen with an excellent character. He is decidedly superior to most men over a flat, and is (I think) the best of all Erin's warriors across a country; he possesses grand nerve—indeed I do not know that he has any—is very strong upon his horse, is as long-winded as a Dan O'Connell, and can ride against time as well as he can speak against it; he is a very severe punisher, but never too early with it, in fact, not until the omission becomes glaring, and has a facility in getting into his saddle after a heavy fall that I never saw equalled; I believe he was the only person in Ferguson's lot who could hold the Colonel (a colt by Alcaston out of Zillah) in his place. And as he was trained principally by Tom, so he has acquired some of his knowledge of pace, and is as wary as a "magpie on a wall;" he has had some severe falls, and I know no person who has preserved his nerve so well after such woful perils; he and Lushington are two indeed, he never had to cut him, inasmuch as he never knew much of the "froth of his pot, or the head of his noggin." He was rather fortunate in his south country speculations, and won some very good stakes with Monarch (now the property of Lord Waterford); and here one word with regard to Monarch—I always considered him one of the best steeple-chace horses I had ever seen, his pace excellent, his fencing speedy and safe; indeed, he dwelt less upon fences, and was faster under weigh after them than any horse I have ever met; and never, for his most severe races, got more training than befitted a cocktail. Mr. Decie's system of training him was gentle work with his own hounds, and I believe he rarely got a sweat, for he always came out very high; and he could afford it, as he was the best winded horse I ever met; his appearance, in fact (when he was in Mr. Decie's possession), at the post, was what would be called much too high; and yet he used to run his races, and they were fast ones, with very little distress. What was my astonishment to find him at Cheltenham drawn as fine as a Yankee yarn, and with as much appearance of muscle about him as in one of the "great, glorious, and free;" after a twenty-one day typhus, he was beaten before he started, and all his pluck and his noble owner's (and between them they have as much as would do a menagerie) could not bring him through. It was a slow bad affair; Dan O'Connell could have won in a walk, and old Brian did win in a trot, nearly as much as he could do at the time; and had Allan M'Donogh doubted for a moment O'Connell's winning he could have been handier at the time; but more of this at another time. Allan M'Donogh was fortunate with a horse of his called Sir William, one of Mr. Battersby's cocktails; he made him a steeple-chace horse, a feat which I considered very near an impossibility, and won some good stakes with him. I saw him ride him in very good style in the county of Clare once, a very intricate steeple-chace course, and he displayed great temper and judgment all through; in fact, he won by sheer riding. There were in the same race with him two nags that could have beaten his head off, but they knocked each other down, and Allan stole the first heat upon them, and won the second quite handy. It was at this very meeting that Young Muck had one of his greatest escapes: he was riding a thorough-bred one by Giles, out of Discovery, a magnificent fencer, but with a stop in him that would make the Bank of England bankrupt, and he took him away at score; in fact he ran away with him, and the horse fenced admirably, until they came to the second last fence from home; this was a wall five feet five inches high, built of pretty solid materials, and placed in a most baulking position, namely, in the middle of a field. Aware of the horse's temper, Young Muck took him at it at such a pace that he should either leap or fall over it; the horse never attempted to rise, and turned the turtle, the first part touching the ground at the other side, being the pummel of the saddle, which was smashed to atoms; Muck was under him, and coolly crept out unhurt; the horse never stirred, he was chinked. I also saw him get another very nearly as bad, riding a very celebrated steeple-chace hunter, called Jerry, over the steeple-chace at Kilmallock, county of Limerick; upon the day appoinetd the ice was nearly six inches thick, and the Stewards and the other riders, with the exception of Young Muck, agreed to defer the race until the frost became lachrymal. Young Muck, however, called for a start, and after running about a mile, Jerry fell off of one of the large double fences upon Young Muck, who was uninjured; but the horse had to be destroyed upon the spot. Young Muck rode all the gentlemen races for the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Normanby, and was considered almost as his Master of the Horse. He rode one race with Gipsey for the Corinthians, for which he ought to have been knighted; but justice will never be done to Ireland. An insolvent tinman, with a suit of borrowed clothes, presents an address from the patriotic village of Ballydehob, signed by eleven O'Sullivans and six hundred and fifty Macksmen: this sharp shooter is knighted, flies a kite for the cost of the patent, and can make any Joan my Lady. I contend, first, that Young Muck showed more address in that race than in all the addresses in this petitioning age, and he did not get as much as would pay for the starch in his cravat, and he was left at seven o'clock, P.M., not knighted, but benighted upon the Curragh without the Curragh compass, i. e., a hog in his pocket, and his only reward was a command to dine at the Castle, where he got a *rechauffe* for his dinner, and a *rechigne* from the Marchioness; and when, after having swallowed some Medoc of a surprising cut-throat quality, he was glad to return to his pipe and his punch in Bendori's oyster-rooms, in Duke-street; and though the morning's head-ache wore away, yet the kite fled, for the toggery hovered over him until he put the herring-pond between him and the empire of our revered and honored Queen Victoria. Tom Ferguson was great upon this point. "You see, Ailien, my lod," quoth Tom, "ye'd better let them tenants (lieutenants) alone, ye see; they are too great, ye see, to give you share of stakes, ye see; 'tis not a stake, but a mutton chop, ye see, ye would make of them, and ye'll be just like yon Jack and the Giant Killer, ye see, for while you get all the kicks, they'll get all the bawbees." But although my friend Ailien may not in any way show as bloody a hand as Sir P—— C——, yet, he can oftener show a bloodier heel, and one extremity is as good as another; indeed, the latter ought to be preferred, as it is often more forced upon the seat of honor, and its invulnerability is matter of record. Allan M'Donogh is a good looking lad enough, and the *poeta nascitur* may apply to his family. As regards their horsemanship, his brother, who is riding-master in some Lancer regiment, is a very graceful horseman, and he had a sister who I have seen ride, and who possessed great nerve, with a beautiful seat and remarkably steady hands. His family's claim to respectability is undoubted; he was a merry fellow when he left our verdant sod, but, perhaps, you may have cured him at your side of the water. His voice was very like a sky-terrier's bark; however, learning may do wonders. I shall close my reminiscences of him with an anecdote which may apply.

About four years ago a very original fellow was the Punch of a celebrated fox-hunting club in the south of Ireland. He, however, suddenly fell off, and as I was one night riding home in his company, I asked him why he had changed so much, to which he replied, "It all comes of misfortune." "What misfortune?" said I. "Larning, thin, Sir," says he. "Learning," quoth I, "I thought it would add to your fund of pleasantry." "By my troth, Sir," said he, "you never was more deceived in your life; for formerly I was afraid of nothing, and now I am afraid." "Of what?" quoth I. "Of speaking bad English, thin," said he.

SHAMROCK.

Bell's Life in London.

THE TERRIER

May be correctly regarded as a variety of the hound, and takes his name from his disposition to pursue his game underground; he is the inveterate enemy of the fox, the badger, the polecat, and all the lesser kinds of vermin.—A terrier or two generally accompanies fox hounds in the field, and it is surprising how energetically these little dogs will make their way over a country if the scent be good; they cannot go the pace, but they will persevere to the end. When a fox hangs to a cover, particularly to a gorse, they are very useful in forcing reynard away; being much smaller than the hound, they are enabled to thread the cover quicker, which in such cases is of great advantage. When a fox happens to be run to ground, a terrier is often used in the process of bolting him; we have more than once seen them employed in main earths. Not many years have elapsed since a fox was run into the earths of Pooton Wood by the hounds of Sir T. Stanley, and the pack being in want of blood, the worthy Baronet immediately determined on digging him out. The earth was extensive, but the terrier soon fixed reynard in one of the angles; the dog could be distincly heard baying his game, and therefore by sinking a hole directly to the spot, the fox and the terrier were soon reached. It proved a vixen, heavy (it was near the close of the season) and during the time that the terrier had lain at her (face to face) she had contrived to bite him about the nose most severely, and that without having received a scratch herself.

The terrier ought to be regarded as indispensable in earthstopping, in order that stopping in the foxes may be prevented. About six years since we met the Shropshire fox-hounds at Acton Burnell, the residence of Sir Edward Smythe, eight miles from Shrewsbury. As the covers in the park and the neighbourhood were known to be well stocked with foxes, Sir Edward (then master of the hounds) anxious to dispense his well-known hospitality remarked, "We need not be in a hurry; we are sure to find a fox in the park." Expectation was raised to the tiptoe when the hounds were thrown into cover; the field anxiously listened for the challenge; not a hound spoke! The covers of the park were all drawn blank; the hounds drew blank all day; not the least recognition of game was obtained. The foxes had been stopped in the earths; the previous night had been windy and boisterous, the foxes had lain at ground, and as no terrier had been employed, a thorough blank day was the consequence—not a hound spoke during the whole time!

Of late years the terrier has been crossed with the bull dog, for the purpose of producing fighting dogs. The terrier possesses invincible courage, without any mixture of the blood of the bull dog; but the savage, the unrelenting fierceness of the most worthless of the canine variety is thus engrafted upon the generous disposition of the terrier: the most interesting, the most valuable, qualities of the terrier are thus neutralized.

The Scotch terriers have acquired a character—not for beauty of form assuredly—but, as it might seem, for a fancied superiority, on account of their grotesque appearance; these animals can scarcely be classed as genuine terriers, their illegitimate relationship to the turnspit being rendered manifest by their outrageously elongated form and crooked legs; that they possess generous courage we unhesitatingly admit, but certainly not to a greater extent than the much more beautiful and much more active terrier of this country.

Terriers are to be found of various colours in this country, some wire-haired, others smooth; the most beautiful which fell under our observation were black tan—their quality equal to their handsome appearance.

Era.

SOME STRANGE OCCURRENCES

IN THE LIFE OF COUNT DE NIEPPERG,

THE AFFIANCED OF THE PRINCESS MARY OF WURTEMBURG.

COUNT DE NIEPPERG is of Hungarian descent, and exhibits on his scroll-armorial a long list of brave and patriotic ancestors. At an early period of life he was subjected to the machinations of one of those unscrupulous monsters, who, for the love of gold, would do any deed, however dark,—appeal to any agency, however diabolical. His name was Bodgaski (a Carpathian or Red-Russian,) who laid claim to the Austrian estates of the Niepperg family, and who was specially desirous to get rid of the *heir*.

Infinite were the schemes of this man to obtain possession of the present Count Niepperg, while yet an infant; and, at length, he succeeded.

By escalade, he, in the depth of night, gained the nursery, seized upon the child, and escaped before discovery was made.

Arriving at an inn among the mountain-fastnesses of the border, he gave the child into the care of an old crone, who had long been devoted to his guilty purposes, and ordered at the nearest inn a sumptuous repast in exultation at what he had effected. In the midst of this repast the villainous beldame came to him, as by appointment, and agreed for a certain sum to strangle the child that night. Just, however, as she was leaving the apartment, a strange noise arrested her attention, and on turning round she perceived that her fiendish employer had fallen from his chair.

Excess of wine, added to the fury of excitement, had induced apoplexy; he was speechless, motionless—the finger of death was upon him. The old woman was in a dilemma, and the destruction of the infant was postponed.

On the following day she still hoped to make a thriving bargain; a large reward being offered for the discovery of the child.

Her story, when she presented herself at the Château Niepperg, was so plausible, that the amount offered was paid to her unhesitatingly; but a just destiny awaited her, for, in returning home, she was waylaid by some lawless foresters, who had heard of her success,—robbed and murdered. Thus a fearful retribution fell upon both offenders.

The young Count, as he advanced in years, was beloved by all who knew him, and was as remarkable for personal beauty and the lighter accomplishments as for an enlightened and liberal mind, and great moral intrepidity. It was imagined that he would be very hard to please on the score of the affections, but an incident of a singular kind removed this surmise. At a *bal masqué* at the principal theatre in Vienna, he entered the parterre, as was his custom, undisguised, and on looking round the boxes, where were many ladies seated as spectators, he beheld one who at once absorbed his entire contemplation.

She was very young, and less remarkable for regularity of beauty than for intellectuality and sweetness of expression. He stood and gazed for some time, and then sought among the masques some one of his acquaintance from whom to learn who the lady might be. While so engaged he was accosted by Prince P. Est——, and on turning round to indicate the *loge*,—it was discovered to be—empty!

The Count was *desesperé*: he left the theatre; and for many days afterwards made enquiries, which were unattended with success. Gloomy, and now unfitted for society, he was one day riding out among the wooded lanes of Goritz, near Vienna—which form a sort of frame-work for rich and extensive meadows—when he beheld at some distance two ladies sauntering along, and tranquilly contemplating the beauty of the landscape;—but the scene became suddenly changed, and the most fearful screams were heard. An animal, something like a mastiff, but larger, appeared to be creeping towards them.

Rapid as lightning, the young Count dashed up to it just in time to divert its attention upon *himself*: and, in truth, it was no ordinary adversary. A *lion* had escaped from the *Jardin Botanique de l'Empereur* only some minutes before. Though habited *en militaire*, the Count carried no fire-arms, and had therefore to depend wholly upon his sword. Circumstances favored him; he had scarcely leaped from his horse when the savage adversary, by a natural instinct, sprang upon it. It was the work of an instant to plunge the weapon deep in the part most vulnerable—the *heart* of his assailant.

Alas! his gallant steed expired *also*, quiveringly, from loss of blood.

On hastening to the ladies, one of them had fainted, and the other could but just inform him that they resided at the Chateau de L——. On the recovery of the former he accompanied them home, and was most enthusiastically welcomed by their father, the Duc de S——a M——.

With some difficulty he was pressed to stay to dinner; and in one of the guests, what was his astonishment to behold his INCONNUE of the theatre! Conjointly with all around, her admiration of his dauntlessness was unbounded; and there appeared a singular deference to her opinion (a deference which she sought not), only explained by the discovery that she was the Princess Mary of Wurtemburg!

At that time she was staying *incognita* (or so at least it was *censed*) in the suburbs of Vienna, in order to complete her musical education. Here was an opportunity for a lover! for one not unknown to the sympathies of the exquisitely lovely being whom he addressed,—sympathies *now* so singularly augmented!

But then, the difference of rank appeared to interpose a barrier not to be overcome by any common effort; nay, one which could so easily be rendered insurmountable to *both*! The marriage of the Grand Duchess Mary to the Duke of Leuchtenberg offered, after a time, a means by which this attachment could be broken to the King, her father; but there are so many *contre-temps* in a *Court*, however liberal-minded a monarch may be, that much hesitation arose, and much anxious fear of discomfiture to the lovers. At last, however, the intervention of a ruling power, that shall be nameless, but on which the Count had many claims for his known loyalty and devotedness, decided the affair *beyond even the chance* of further dissent. No father ever exhibited an attachment more tender, more free from interested motive, than does the King of Wurtemburg for his daughter; and well has the Princess Mary earned this sentiment; for one more amiable, in the most enlarged sense of the word, it is scarcely possible to conjecture, combining, as she does, the highest accomplishments, with that "benevolence of heart," on which chance and change, or mere pomp and circumstance, have no influence whatever.

The King of Wurtemburg, in a letter to the Emperor of Russia, says—"I shall soon lose my beloved daughter, Mary; but I consult her happiness and have every reason to approve her selection of the young and handsome Niepperg, who is as good as he is brave."

The Emperor in return, observes—"I gave my own dear child to a Duke of Leuchtenberg; do not, therefore, demur in bestowing your charming Mary on the Count de Miepperg."

Court Journal.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

(FROM "CHURTON'S SPORTING ALMANAC.")

The snipe is regarded as a difficult shot; if we compare the snipe and the woodcock, we shall find them resemble each other as nearly as possible in conformation, the difference being merely the superior size of the latter; yet, of all birds pursued by the legitimate sportsman, none presents so easy a mark as the woodcock, none so difficult a shot as the snipe; a few disquisitive observations on this subject will not be deemed out of place. When the shooter is beating for other game, it is no very uncommon occurrence for a snipe to rise—snipes, thus unexpectedly sprung, may be regarded as difficult shots; but when snipe shooting is the avowed object, when the sportsman, prepared for the purpose, proceeds to a marsh or a boggy moorland (to Dartmoor, for instance,) the business assumes a different form. An old worn-out pointer will answer the purpose very well, as pottering about, rather than ranging, is best suited to the sport; if a good dog, in the vigor of life, be employed, from the nature of the business, and particularly from the number of points he will obtain with very little trouble, it will slacken his mettle, and induce him to contract the provoking habit of too much set. The sportsman should move down the wind; and when a snipe rises, if he will wait, he will find the bird will not fly far with the wind in its tail, but will turn either to the right or to the left, and present a good fair side or lateral shot; its flight by this time will have become steady, its zig-zag progress being continued for a short distance only after it gets on the wing. Even if the bird should fly down to the wind, and not turn, it is advisable to allow it to get to some distance before the trigger is pulled, at twelve or fifteen yards its flight will have become steadier.

It was formerly a commonly received opinion (and entertained by many persons at the present time) that the snipe rises from its bill; or, in other words, that when about to rise, it placed the tip of its bill on the ground, and thus pushed or flung itself into the air. The idea arose no doubt from the extraordinary length of the bird's bill, but it is incorrect. In the winter of 1822, in walking round our farm, with the gun in hand, a snipe happened to spring, which we brought down, but it fell to the ground only slightly wounded. By the time we had re-loaded, the bird had moved to some distance, making efforts to get on the wing, and seeming to entertain no idea of being able to make its escape by running As we approached for the purpose of taking it up, its efforts were repeated, during which we distinctly observed that it did not rise from its bill, but threw itself into the air in the same manner as a crow or any other bird, by springing from its feet. The extreme end of one of the bird's wings was fractured, it was not touched in any other part.

A snipe falls from the most trifling wound. Upon one occasion we picked up a snipe (at which we had fired) and unceremoniously placed it in the bag; when the bag came to be emptied of its contents, the snipe was not only alive, but appeared unhurt; ir was killed, and deprived of its feathers, but no mark of a single shot could be found; the cause of the bird falling to the ground we were unable to ascertain.

The snipe, when seen on the ground, is a very pretty bird; and though its bill, compared with its size, seems out of proportion, yet, from the manner in which it carries its head, it presents nothing of that grotesque appearance which the extraordinary length of its bill would seem to indicate.

It has been observed that the first arrival of snipes from the north is early in September, they appear in wisps, are very wild, and continue but a short time, a day or perhaps two. Towards the end of October, they arrive in great numbers, become dispersed, and afford better amusement than at an earlier period of the season; but as soon as the severity of winter commences, they disappear for the most part, and are seen no more (in considerable numbers at least) till March. The preceding remarks were made by a gentleman of Norfolk, and may be applicable to that part of the kingdom, though not generally; as in very severe frost, we have uniformly seen them on the north-west coast in very great, if not immense numbers. When frost has bound up the earth, and the still waters, snipes resort to springs and running streams in search of food, particularly towards evening; and if the frost continue, they may be observed throughout the day, on the wing, evidently wandering about in order to procure the means of satisfying the imperious demands of hunger; on such occasions they do not lie well.

Hitherto we have been speaking of the common snipe; two other varieties visit this country, the jack snipe (in some parts called the judcock,) much smaller than the common snipe; and the solitary snipe, considerably larger than the common snipe, but not often seen.

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

Louis Philippe's state of apprehension in the midst of the people whom he governs, may be gathered from the following statement of the precautions taken for the exterior and interior defence of the Tuileries, as given in a French paper:—

Never in any age, or under any reign, was the service at the Tuileries so rigorous as at the present moment. Even the soldiers abhor being posted there. We all remember the poor creature who was shot by the sentry for having peaceably endeavored to enter the Gardens. The whole Palace is now invested as if an army of besiegers lay before it.

The three principal lines of defence are the Place Louis Fifteen, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Place Carrousel. This vast polygon is enclosed on one side by the Seine, for the bridges of the Tuileries and Louvre would be defiles of very difficult access.

The parallel line comprises the several entrances to Rues de l'Echelle, St. Roch, and Rivoli. Two military Governors always reside at the Louvre and Tuileries, who by their strategic plans and countersigns, would be able to organise an immediate system of defence. The guns are always kept loaded; the guard is composed of companies of picked men, who are daily exercised with the National Guards and Cavalry on duty.

During the daytime secret police agents swarm about the Chateau, mingling with the crowd, listening to their exclamations and watching their slightest motions. Each of these *mouchards* (spies) has concealed about his person a dagger and a pistol, and is relieved at fixed intervals at his post. Moreover, agents are continually driving about the neighborhood, in carriages, watching a *living* telegraph at the Chateau, who points out the direction in which some fancied danger is approaching. These precautions are doubled at nightfall. An additional piquet of 350 picked men is then quartered at the Pavillon l'Horloge.

The rounds and patrols continue parading without intermission, during the night, about the neighborhood of the Chateau.

Externally are the piquets of the Pyramids, the Finance Ministry, the battalion in one of the wings of the Chateau itself, and also in the D'Orcay barracks. Thus within a radius of four or five hundred paces are *echelonnees* between three and four thousand men, who could all be at the Chateau within five minutes.

Every parapet, bridge, railing, and outlet, is bristled with soldiery. The lower windows are iron-barred, and the thick oaken doors are made petard-proof. The cellars abound with subterranean passages, having secret outlets, and are all guarded, so as to prevent the possibility of a mine being sprung.

One hundred and fifty valets, armed to the teeth, during the whole night flit about the dismal corridors of this dreary mansion.

Moreover, Louis Philippe himself has a chosen band of trusty *mouchards* whose duty consists in watching over the patrols and sentinels, and mingling with the National guards, to ascertain the loyalty of their opinions.

On Saturday last a friend of ours was passing by the Pont Royal, which he found occupied by several brigade of *sergens de ville*, many more being concealed behind the boards which now enclose the space allotted to the workmen. These were in communication with several groups of police agents, who were lolling with studied listlessness about the parapets of the quay. Never before was seen such a dark assemblage of sinister countenances; the uninitiated asked each other the meaning of this ambuscade. Presently was heard the distant rolling of heavy carriages and the measured gallop of cavalry, and Louis Philippe's carriage whirled its precious charge like lightning into the court of the Tuileries, on his return from Versailles.

MISPLACED ATTACHMENT OF MR. JOHN DOUNCE.

WRITTEN BY BOZ.

If we had to make a classification of society there are a particular kind of men whom we should immediately set down under the title of 'Old Boys;' and a column of most extensive dimensions the old boys would require. To what precise causes the rapid advance of old boy population is to be traced we are unable to determine; it would be an interesting and curious speculation, but as we have not sufficient space to devote to it here we simply state the fact that the numbers of the old boys have been gradually augmenting within the last few years, and that they are at this moment alarmingly on the increase.

Upon a general review of the subject, and without considering it minutely in detail, we should be disposed to subdivide the old boys into two distinct classes—the gay old boys and the steady old boys. The gay old boys are paunchy old men in the disguise of young ones, who frequent the Quadrant and Regent-street in the day time, the theatres (especially under lady management) at night; and who assume all the foppishness and levity of boys, without the excuse of youth and inexperience. The steady old boys are certain stout old gentlemen of clean appearance, who are always to be seen in the same taverns, at the same hours every evening, smoking and drinking in the same company.

There was once a fine collection of old boys to be seen round the circular table at Offley's every night, between the hours of half-past eight and half-past eleven. We have lost sight of them for some time. There were, and may be still for aught we know, two splendid specimens in full blossom at the Rainbow Tavern, in Fleet-street, who always used to sit in the box nearest the fire-place, and smoked long cherry-stick pipes which went under a table, the bowls resting on the floor. Grand old boys they were—fat, red-faced, white-headed old fellows; always there—one on one side the table and the other opposite—puffing and drinking away in great state; everybody knew them, and it was supposed by some people that they were both immortal.

Mr. John Dounce was an old boy of the latter class (we do not mean immortal, but steady), a retired glove and braces maker, a widower, resident with three daughters, all grown up and all unmarried, in Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane. He was a short, round, large-faced, tubbish sort of a man, with a broad brimmed hat and a square coat; and had that grave but confident kind of roll peculiar to old boys in general. Regular as clock-work—breakfast at nine—dress and tittivate a little—down to the Sir Somebody's Head—glass of ale and the paper—come back again and take the daughters out for a walk—dinner at three—glass of grog and a pipe—nap—tea—little walk—Sir Somebody's Head again—capital house! delightful evenings! There were Mr. Harris, the law-stationer, and Mr. Jennings, the robe-maker (two jolly young fellows like himself), and Jones, the barrister's clerk, rum fellow that Jones—capital company—full of anecdote! and there they sat every night till just ten minutes before twelve drinking their brandy-and-water, and smoking their pipes, and telling stories, and enjoying themselves with a kind of solemn joviality peculiarly edifying.

Sometimes Jones would propose a half-price visit to Drury-Lane or Covent-garden to see two acts of a five act play, and a new farce, perhaps, or a ballet, on which occasions the whole four of them went together; none of your hurrying and nonsense, but having their brandy-and-water first, comfortably, and ordering a steak and some oysters for their supper against they come back, and then walking coolly into the pit when the 'rush' had gone in, as all sensible people do, and did when Mr. Dounce was a young man, except when the celebrated Master Betty was at the height of his popularity, and then, Mr. Dounce perfectly well remembered getting a holiday from business, and going to the pit doors at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and waiting there till six in the afternoon, with some sandwiches in a pocket-handkerchief and some wine in a phial, and fainting after all with the heat and fatigue before the play began; in which situation he was lifted out of the pit into one of the dress boxes, sir, by five of the finest women of that day, sir, who compassionated his situation and administered restoratives, and sent a black servant, six foot high, in blue and silver livery, next morning with their compliments, and to know how he found himself, sir—by G—! Between the acts Mr. Dounce, and Mr. Harris, and Mr. Jennings used to stand up and look round the house, and Jones—knowing fellow that Jones—knew every body—pointed out the fashionable and celebrated Lady So-and-So in the boxes, at the mention of whose name Mr. Dounce, after brushing up his hair and adjusting his neckhandkerchief, would inspect the aforesaid Lady So-and-So through an immense glass, and remark either that she was a 'fine woman—very fine woman indeed,' or that 'there might be a little more of her, eh. Jones?' just as the case might happen to be. When the dancing began John Dounce and the other old boys were particularly anxious to see what was going forward on the stage, and Jones—wicked dog that Jones—whispered little critical remarks into the ears of John Dounce, which John Dounce retailed to Mr. Harris, and Mr. Harris to Mr. Jennings, and then they all four laughed till the tears ran down out of their eyes.

When the curtain fell they walked back together two and two to the steaks and oysters, and when they came to the second glass of brandy-and-water Jones—hoaxing scamp that Jones—used to recount how he had observed a lady in white feathers in one of the pit boxes gazing intently on Mr. Dounce all the evening, and how he had caught Mr. Dounce, whenever he thought no one was looking at him bestowing ardent looks of intense devotion on the lady in return; on which Mr. Harris and Mr. Jennings used to laugh very heartily, and John Dounce more heartily than either of them, acknowledging, however, that the time had been when he *might* have done such things; upon which Mr. Jones used to poke him in the ribs, and tell him he had been a sad dog. in his time, which John Dounce with chuckles confessed. And after Mr. Harris and Mr. Jennings had preferred their claims to the character of having been sad dogs too, they separated harmoniously, and trotted home.

The decrees of Fate, and the means by which they are brought about are mysterious and inscrutable John Dounce had led this life for twenty years and upwards without wish for change, or care for variety, when his whole social system was suddenly upset, and turned completely topsy-turvy, not by an earthquake or some other dreadful convulsion of nature, as the reader would be inclined to suppose, but by the simple agency of an oyster; and thus it happened.

Mr. John Dounce was returning one night from the Sir Somebody's Head, to his residence in Cursitor-street—not tipsy, but rather excited, for it was Mr. Jennings's birthday, and they had had a brace of partridges for supper, and a brace of extra glasses afterwards, and Jones had been more than ordinarily amusing—when his eyes rested on a newly-opened oyster-shop, on a magnificent scale, with natives laid one deep in circular marble basins in the windows, together with little round barrels of oysters directed to lords and baronets, and colonels and captains, in every part of the habitable globe.

Behind the natives were the barrels, and behind the barrels was a young lady of about five and-twenty, all in blue, and all alone—splendid creature, charming face, and lovely figure! It is difficult to say whether Mr. John Dounce's red countenance, illuminated as it was by the flickering gas-light in the window before which he paused, excited the lady's risibility, or whether a natural exuberance of animal spirits proved too much for that staidness of demeanor which the forms of society rather dictatorially prescribe. But certain it is that the lady smiled, then put her finger upon her lip, with a striking recollection of what was due to herself; and finally retired, in oyster-like bashfulness, to the very back of the counter. The sad dog sort of feeling came strongly upon John Dounce: he lingered, the lady in blue made no sign. He coughed, still she came not. He entered the shop.

'Can you open me an oyster, my dear?' said Mr. John Dounce.

'Dare say I can, sir,' replied the lady in blue, with enchanting playfulness. And Mr. John Dounce eat one oyster and then looked at the young lady, and then eat another, and then squeezed the young lady's hand as she was opening the third, and so forth, until he had devoured a dozen of those at eightpence in less than no time.

'Can you open me half-a-dozen more, my dear!' inquired Mr. John Dounce.

'I'll see what I can do for you, sir,' replied the young lady in blue, even more bewitchingly than before; and Mr. John Dounce eat half-a-dozen more of those at eightpence, and his gallantry increased.

'You couldn't manage to get me a glass of brandy-and-water, my dear, I suppose?' said Mr. John Dounce, when he had finished the oysters, in a tone which clearly implied his supposition that she could.

''I'll see, sir,'' said the young lady; and away she ran out of the shop and down the street, her long auburn ringlets shaking in the wind in the most enchanting manner; and back she came again, tripping over the coal-cellar lids like a whipping-top, with a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which Mr. John Dounce insisted on her taking a share of, as it was regular ladies' grog—hot, strong, sweet, and plenty of it.

So the young lady sat down with Mr. John Dounce in a little red box with a green curtain, and took a small sip of brandy-and-water, and a small look at Mr. John Dounce, and then turned her head away, and went through various other serio-pantomimic fascinations, which forcibly reminded Mr. John Dounce of the first time he courted his first wife, and which made him feel more affectionate than ever; in pursuance of which affection, and actuated by which feelings, Mr John Dounce sounded the young lady on her matrimonial engagements, when the young lady denied having formed any such engagements at all—she couldn't abear the men, they were such deceivers; thereupon Mr. John Dounce inquired whether this sweeping condemnation was meant to include other than very young men; on which the young lady blushed deeply—at least she turned away her head, and said Mr. John Dounce had made her blush, so of course she *did* blush—and Mr. John Dounce was a long time drinking the brandy-and-water; and the young lady said "Ha' done, sir," very often; and at last John Dounce went home to bed, and dreamt of his first wife, and his second wife, and the young lady, and partridges, and oysters, and brandy-and-water, and disinterested attachments.

The next morning, John Dounce was rather feverish with the extra brandy-and-water of the previous night; and partly in the hope of cooling himself with an oyster, and partly with the view of ascertaining whether he owed the young lady anything or not, went back to the oyster-shop. If the young lady had appeared beautiful by night, she was perfectly irresistible by day; and from this time forward a change came over the spirit of John Dounce's dream. He bought shirt-pins, wore a ring on his third finger, read poetry, bribed a cheap miniature-painter to perpetrate a faint resemblance to a youthful face, with a curtain over his head, six large books in the background, and an open country in the distance (this he called his portrait;) "went on" altogether in such an uproarious manner, that the three Miss Bounces went off on small pensions, he having made the tenement in Cursitor-street too warm to contain them; and in short, comported and demeaned himself in every respect like an unmitigated old Saracen, as he was.

As to his ancient friends, the other old boys, at the Sir Somebody's Head, he dropped off from them by gradual degrees; for even when he did go there, Jones—vulgar fellow that Jones—persisted in asking "when it was to be?" and "whether he was to have any gloves?" together with other inquiries of an equally offensive nature, at which not only Harris laughed, but Jennings also; so he cut the two altogether, and attached himself solely to the blue young lady at the smart oyster-shop.

Now comes the moral of the story, for it has a moral after all. The last-mentioned young lady, having derived sufficient profit and emolument from John Dounce's attachment, not only refused, when matters came to a crisis, to take him for better or worse, but expressly declared, to use her own forcible words, that she "wouldn't have him at no price;" and John Dounce, having lost his old friends, alienated his relations, and rendered himself ridiculous to everybody—made offers successively to a schoolmistress, a landlady, a feminine tobacconist, and a housekeeper; and being directly rejected by each and every of them, was accepted by his cook, with whom he now lives, a hen pecked husband, a melancholy monument of antiquated misery, and a living warning to all uxorious old boys.

MR. BUNN'S BANKRUPTCY.

COURT OF BANKRUPTCY—Tuesday, Dec. 17.

(BEFORE MR. COMMISSIONER MERIVALE.)

The Bankruptcy of Alfred Bunn, late Lessee and Manager of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

The bankrupt, whose description as above is quite sufficient to make him known to the public, appeared before the Court to pass his final examination. There were but few creditors present at this sitting.

After proofs had been admitted from Messrs. Peake, Eliason, Fitzball, Dunn, &c., for services rendered,

Mr. Wright, the accountant, handed in the balance-sheet of the bankrupt.—The following is the general sheet, which shows a clear and elucidated statement of all the bankrupt's affairs:—

IN RE ALFRED BUNN, A BANKRUPT.

From the 6th November, 1834, to the 4th November, 1839.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
Creditors on account of the theatres	21,257	5	4	Debtors	2,276	3	8
Money lent	1.526	9	8	Balance carried to losses	199	10	0
Private tradesmen	702	16	2	Losses	23,252	1	5
				Expenses	4,860	0	0
	£23,486	11	2	Liabilities per contra	4,300	0	0
Liabilities	4,300	0	0	Amounts unaccounted for	16	6	1
Capital to December, 1834	250	0	0				
Profits*—Salary as manager, benefits, theatrical authorship, sale of musical compositions, country speculation of *The Jewess*, as per statement	6,668	0	0				
	£34,704	11	2		£34,704	11	2

The under-mentioned statement shows the losses incurred throughout the theatrical management of the bankrupt, as exhibited in his balance-sheet:—

LOSSES.

By management of theatres from Dec. 6, 1834.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
SEASON 1834–5						
(The bankrupt had both the patent theatres.)						
Total expenditure, journal A, fol. 347	£51,526	15	10			
Total receipts, journal A, fol. 348	49,876	9	1			
				£1,650	6	9
SEASON 1835–6.						
(The bankrupt had both the patent theatres.)						
Total expenditure, journal B, fol. 28	£59,183	1	8			
Total receipts, journal B, fol. 28	57,424	10	8			
				1,758	11	1
SEASON 1836–7						
(The bankrupt had both the patent theatres.)						
Total expenditure, journal B, fol. 69	£44.282	5	4			
Total receipts, journal B, fol 69	40,638	19	2			
				3,643	6	2
SEASON 1837–8.						
(The bankrupt had the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.)						
Total expenditure, journal B, fol. 108	£39,066	3	2			
Total receipts, journal B, fol. 108	36,053	12	1			
				3,012	11	1
SEASON 1838–9.						
(The bankrupt had the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.)						
Total expenditure, journal B, fol 143	£44,211	6	3			
Total receipts, journal B, fol. 143	28,947	6	3			
				15,264	0	0
				25,328	15	1
Rent and part of the above expenses payable by Captain Polhill				2,276	3	8
				£23,002	11	5

Mr. Commissioner Merivale having examined the accounts said, that if any person wished to address the Court upon the bankrupt's balance-sheet now was their time. He heard from the official assignee that, as far as he was informed, there was no objection to his passing. Were any of the assignees present?

Mr. Mapleston replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Lewis, as solicitor to the fiat, said the accounts reflected great credit upon the bankrupt, and had been entirely made up from the books of the theatre, which had been uniformly and correctly kept. He also felt bound, in justice to the bankrupt, to state that his private debts did not far exceed 700*l*., the remaining large sum having reference to the theatrical property, and to the liquidation of which, for a long period, he had been paying his own earnings. It was hoped that from 2,000*l*. to 3,000*l*. would be recovered for the benefit of the creditors.

Mr. Commissioner Merivale—But I see that is under the head of doubtful debts.

Mr. Lewis—Yes, your Honor, because a lawsuit must first be commenced.

The Official Assignee—It appears that in his private expenditure he has not been extravagant.

Mr. Commissioner Merivale—That is creditable to him, and ought to be known, as it is a public business. The losses have been large in the theatrical management.

Mr Mapleston—Mr. Bunn is not an individual instance; managers before him have also suffered.

Mr. Commissioner Merivale—I see there is a rapid falling off in the receipts in three seasons of Mr. Bunn's management, from 57,000*l*. to 28,000*l*., more than half. I suppose that occurred in consequence of the reduction of prices?

Mr. Mapleston—It was the reduction of prices and the loss of public estimation for the last two seasons.

Mr. Commissioner Merivale—It also appears that at the time the receipts were the highest the disbursements were highest. The expenses must have been very great?

Mr. Mapleston replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Commissioner Merivale would make no further observations. Did any of the creditors wish to put any questions?

No reply being made, the bankrupt having been formally examined (he had taken the benefit of the Insolvent Act),

Mr. Commissioner Merivale declared the bankrupt passed.

The Court then rose.

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* A curious fact occurred in the profits. One of the items was the sum of 40*l*. enclosed in a parcel and sent to the bankrupt by an unknown hand. He has never been able to trace the individual thus generously inclined towards him.

HORSE CHAUNTING.

EXTENSIVE SYSTEM OF FRAUD.

On Thursday the sitting magistrate, at Marylebone (Mr. Rawlinson,) was engaged for nearly two hours in the investigation of a case relative to horse-dealing through the medium of advertisements, and, from all the information which can at present be gained, there is reason to believe that the parties implicated in the present transaction have carried on their nefarious practices to a very considerable extent.

The names of the parties charged are *William Mowatt* and *George Clayton*, the former of whom was charged on a warrant with having defrauded Dr. Charles Blakely Brown, M. D., 42, Curzon-street, Mayfair, of 42*l*., and the latter was brought up on suspicion of being concerned in the transaction.—Mr. Humphries attended on the part of the prosecutor, and Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Clement's Inn, for the prisoners.—The court was crowded to excess, and the outer office and yard were also filled with grooms, livery stable keepers, &c.

Dr. Brown stated that on the 3rd inst., he saw an advertisement in the *Times*, setting forth that several horses were to be disposed of, the property of the late J. Brown, Esq. of Leamington; and amongst them was a bay gelding six years old, by Waterloo. They were said to be superior hunters, well-known in Warwickshire, and that the groom, who was to be applied to, would show them at No. 15 stable, Welbec-mews, Little Welbec-street, Cavendish-square.

Mr. Rawlinson: Having seen that advertisement in the *Times* what did you do?—Dr. Brown: I went to the stable, and there I saw a boy, who called "Jem," when a man came out and introduced me to Mowatt as the person authorised to sell the horses. I asked to look at the bay gelding, which was brought out, and expressed a wish to try it. He (Mowatt) told me he had been offered 35*l* for it by a gentleman who had tried it, and had subsequently been bid for it 40*l*. at the same time showing me a letter, which I imagined to be a genuine one, in proof of his statement. He told me then that if I liked I might have the gelding for forty guineas, and that I might try it on the following day if I would leave a deposit. I gave him a 5*l*. note, and he gave to me a memorandum.—It was here produced, and ran thus:—

"Received of Dr. Blakeley Brown the sum of 5*l*. as a deposit for the horse to be kept for him to try. W. MOWATT."

Dr. Brown went on to say that Jem praised the horse very much, and that Mrs. Brown, the widow of the late J. Brown, Esq., would be very unhappy if the horse was not taken proper care of, as it was an especial favorite of her late husband's.

Mr. Rawlinson; Did you then go away?—Mr. Brown; I did, having previously given the groom, Jem, 6*s*., which the prisoner agreed should be returned to me if the horse was not purchased. At eleven the next morning I went to the stable, and there saw Mowatt, and Jem. Mowatt then said to me, "Are you prepared to deposite the price of the horse?" I told him I was; and on his giving me back the 5*l*., I returned him his memorandum for the amount. I then gave him four 10*l*. Bank notes and two sovereigns, and he gave me this receipt. It ran thus:—

"London, Dec. 9, 1839.

"Received of Dr. Blakely Brown, the sum of 42*l*. for a bay gelding, warranted sound, free from vice, and a good hunter. If not approved of in two days, the horse and money to be returned. W. MOWATT."

Dr. Brown further stated, that after the payment of the money he rode away with the horse, upon trial, saying he should return in about two hours. He tried the horse, which he found very headstrong, and it kicked in a most violent manner. He brought it back and told Jem (Mowatt not being then present) that he did not think it would suit him, and he said, "Oh, try it again; it's only a little bit fresh." He did so, and found it more vicious than before. He then took it back, when he saw Mowatt and Jem, with several others.—Mowatt was, at that time, showing off a horse to another gentleman. He (Dr. Brown) then said that the horse didn't suit him, and that he wished to have nothing more to do with it. Mowatt replied "Very well; and I'll give you back your money."

Mr. Rawlinson: What next took place?—Dr. Brown: He told me he had not the sum in his pocket, but that he had money at the Bank, and would go and fetch the amount. I said I'd go with him, when Jem at the moment came up, and asked me to write to his mistress (Mrs. Brown) telling her that the horse which I had purchased was not approved of. I wrote the letter at his request, and when I had finished it I looked round for Mowatt, but he was gone. I questioned Jem about him, and he told me that he (Mowatt) had gone in a cab to the Bank, and that he would be at my house with the money as soon as I could get there myself. I went home, and found that Mowatt had not been there. I accordingly applied for a warrant against Mowatt, and on Thursday, in consequence of another advertisement which appeared in the *Times*, setting forth that a "gentleman about to leave England was desirous of disposing of his stud of horses, amongst which was a superior hunter, by Waterloo," I went with Hooker, an officer of this court, to the place pointed out by the said advertisement—viz. the stables in Thomas street, Grosvenor-square. Mowatt, as soon as he caught sight of me, rushed into the stable and bolted the door. Hooker then came up, and secured both the prisoners.

Hooker deposed that he burst open the door, and in the loft found Mowatt. He had, in the first instance, seen Clayton (the other prisoner) below stairs; and as he (Clayton) was identified by Dr. Brown as having been seen by him in the stables first referred to at the time of the purchase of the "hunter," he (Hooker) took him in charge on suspicion of being concerned in the transaction.

Mr. Rawlinson: Did you tell Mowatt what he was charged with?—Hooker: Yes, I said I had a warrant against him for felony, and the reply he made was, "They can't make it out that, for I've got the receipt." I searched him and found in his possession two 10*l*. Bank of England notes, two sovereigns and a half, and six shillings in silver, together with his banker's book (the London and Westminster Bank), and a number of cheques inclosed therein.

Mr. Humphries, after dilating at some length upon the evidence brought forward, prayed for a remand of Mowatt, and Mr. Fitzpatrick opposed the same, on the ground that it was a simple debt, and that no felony had been committed.

Mr. Rawlinson discharged Clayton, and remanded Mowatt for further examination on Tuesday next.

Shortly after Mowatt was locked up, several noblemen and gentlemen came to the office, and, from the description given to them of him (Mowatt), they had, through the medium of advertisements, been defrauded of cash in a similar way to that under which Dr. Brown had been robbed of his cash. It is expected that on the next examination many other charges against the person now in custody will be brought forward. The investigation excited much interest.

CHASE OF A BEAR.—In the afternoon, one of our men had a somewhat perilous adventure with a grizzly bear. He saw the animal crouching his huge frame in some willows which skirted the river, and, approaching within twenty yards, fired upon him. The bear was only slightly wounded by the shot, and, with a fierce growl of angry malignity, rushed from his cover and gave chase. The horse happened to be a slow one; and, for the distance of half a mile, the race was hard contested, the bear frequently approaching so near the terrified animal as to snap at his heels; while the equally terrified rider—who had lost his hat at the start—used whip and spur with the most frantic diligence, frequently looking behind, from an influence which he could not resist, at his rugged and determined foe, and shrieking. in an agony of fear, "Shoot him, shoot him!" The man, who was one of the green-horns, happened to be about a mile behind the main body, either from the indolence of his horse or his own carelessness; but as he approached the party in his desperate flight, and his lugubrious cries reached the ears of the men in front, about half a dozen of them rode to his assistance, and soon succeeded in diverting the attention of his pertinacious foe. After he had received the contents of all the guns, he fell, and was soon despatched. The man rode in among his fellows, pale and haggard from overwrought feelings, and was probably effectually cured of a propensity for meddling with grizzly bears.

Townsend's Sporting Excursions in the Rocky Mountains.

Kit North says that it is no wonder that women love cats, for both are graceful, and both domestic—not to mention that they both scratch.

"HUNTING SCRAPES" AMONG THE BEARS, WITH A TOUCH AT THE ALLIGATORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN LIONS."

In former Numbers of your Sporting Journal you have done me the honor to publish one or two of my "Hunting Scrapes" in the wilds of America; and in this paper I propose giving you a touch of bear-hunting before winter sets in in all its rigor, when, as you no doubt are aware, the bears shut themselves up in winter-quarters, and of course, bear-hunting is not then in season. But before I proceed to present your readers with a little of my own "experiences" in this line, I crave to be permitted to give you a short "sketch" of a different sort of hunting altogether from that of bears, and in which, I am free to confess, I am not practically skilled; and, therefore, must relate the matter at second-hand, but as nearly as possible as it was related to me.

In one of my long rambles I fell in with a full-blooded Kentuckyer, judging from his appearance and conversation, whom I heard the people of the tavern where this occurred familiarly address as Major S——, and from whose general conversation I soon discovered him "quite familiar" with the regions bordering on the Mississippi. When an opportunity occurred, I inquired of the Major if he would inform me of the distance between St. Louis on the Mississippi and New Orleans? "I calculate," replied the Major, "they ben't over partickler about distance west of the mountains. When I were a boy, and living at father's, but I guess that were a-fore I married, I took a trip across that section of the Missouri territory up towards the Yellowstone, to look out for a likely location; for I always had a pretty clever knowledge of lands, and to be crowded with neighbors is what I tarnationly dislike. It was on my return, when I had got as far down as St. Louis, that I fell in with a party of hunters, who were taking their trade (furs and peltry) to the New Orleans market, and with whom I agreed, for a consideration, to travel down the river in the boat they had hired; and *then*, guess, the boatmen calculated the distance at from twelve to thirteen hundred miles. But," continued he, "we were then obliged to keep in the channel of the river the 'hol' way, which made the distance considerably longer than the puffing and snorting varmints that fill the 'hol' vally with their steam and smoke make it now-a-days. You don't go much on the high pressure, I expect?" Not precisely comprehending the question (for it was put interrogatively) was meant personally, or as applying to *our* system of steam-navigation, I refrained from giving a direct answer; and, therefore, referred to another observation of his, and said, "Perhaps, Major"—I thought it fair to Major him since he had previously "Squired" me very familiarly—"you may recollect how long it took you and your companions to perform the voyage in?"—"Why, as for that you see, Squire, we did not keep right straight a-head, for we hunted alligators close upon the 'hol' way, and some of the tarnation critters took us considerably out of our course. One on 'em, I remember, took for the Ohio, and as he happened to be of the mammoth species, we were bent upon having him anyhow. It happened to be moonlight at the time, else I would not be qualified that we should have been able to run him down before we reached the lower falls. Howsomever we pulled up in his wake so hard for two nights and two days and a quarter, that, finding it was hard up with him—and they be calculating critters—he suddenly wheeled round, gave his tail what the hunters call the circumflex twist, and before we knowed for certain that it wern't the shiver of an arthquake, by Judy? if he wern't regularly aboard on us, for there he was on the floor of our craft just like a knotty pine log at the bottom of a dried up mill-pond, and quietly chewing his cud on the left leg of the steersman. I calculate you Englishers don't hunt alligators in your puddle-creeks as you nickname rivers." I acknowledged that in England we had no opportunities of enjoying such excellent sport; but I assured him that I would embrace the earliest opportunity of witnessing it, although I should not feel inclined to offer one of my legs as a bait, even for a mammoth alligator. In the meantime I remarked that "the Major" probably would be so obliging as to explain how it was that the *distance* on the waters of the Mississippi had actually been shortened by the introduction of steam? The *time* necessary for the performance had been shortened undoubtedly, but I imagined the *distance* must still remain the same. "My niggers!" exclaimed the Major, "why, Squire, you ben't so smart a man as some of your'n folk, I reckon. Before we invented these here steam-boats, the trading crafts on the Mississippi kept a-winding and a-twisting about just like a water-snake in a dry ditch, following the 'hol' course of the river in all its crooks and backings, and a darned crooked course it makes on it; but now, as soon as the pilot of the snorter sees one of them land-blocks right a-head, he directs the fireman to give her the steam red hot, and, looking out for a tolerably low place in the bank of the river, he gives her her head in that direction, and, if she be one of the real high pressure snag leapers, in less than no time you will see her puffing and screaming along through the groves of the marsh timbers, her velocity being equal to running down three or four miles, quite slick, where the trees grow considerably open, and not too chuncky."

Having given this "sketch" of the Major's alligator hunt, as well as his account of the Mississippi steamers—vouching only for the correctness of the copy, not the original—before I proceed to detail my own "scrape" with the bears, I beg to be permitted to offer a few observations on bears in general, or rather upon the real genuine black bears of North America, for many years my very near neighbors.

Reader! did you ever eat bear-meat—that is, the *bona fide* flesh of the bear? I do not mean your having, by accident or chance, at some period of your existence tasted a morsel of some imported ham, so smoked, and dried, and disguised, and tumbled about, until neither you nor I nor anybody else could by possibility pronounce upon its identity—no; I mean have you ever sat down to a savory bear-steak, or to a nice roast sirloin of some honest bruin that had been nurtured in the wild forest and lived a life of freedom? If *you* have not, *I* have: nay more; for I have not only dined seven days in the week upon bear-meat, but breakfasted and supped too upon the same dish (when I indulged in those somewhat uncertain and unnecessary repasts of the forest hunter): for I have been much where the only meat-market was the howling wilderness, and the only meat that market afforded was wild venison and bear-meat. But mind, while I state that I positively consider the flesh of the bear both good and wholesome, I beg it may be understood that I refer exclusively to the North American black bears; and even amongst them I must be permitted to make my selection. An old bear, fat or lean, is rank, tough, and unpalatable, and a young lean one is not fit for the table: it is only your nice plump young fellows, half or two thirds grown, that are really delicious. As for those melancholy wretches that are poked about with a long pole in our perambulatory shows and exhibitions, and that are finally sold to those puffers of bears' grease for the purpose of being fattened in some dismal stinking cellar for a season, and then knocked on the head according to public advertisement, and to the imminent danger of ruining Rowland's Macassar—why I declare I would as soon think of eating the leg of a pole-cat as a morsel of one of these sorry wretches. By the bye, a word with those bear's-grease vendors (by way of parenthesis), and for the zoologist's to ruminate upon—Does it not appear reasonable, nay exceedingly probable, and "quite in keeping with dame Nature's laws," that *if* a moderate outward application of the fat of a bear be highly conducive to the growth of hair on the human skull, a long and frequent *internal* application of bear-meat-fat, gravy and all, should tend to produce a similar result? Alas! alas for the vaunted efficacy of this wonderful grease, or else for the theory of inward applications! since, notwithstanding all that I have had to do with bears, from my shooting them down in the woods, to my eating them "with a glorious appetite," after the skinning, disembowelling, cutting up, and carrying them home on my back, this poor bald pericranium of mine is a living instance of the inefficacy of at least *inward* applications!

During several years it happened that my nearest neighbor in the backwoods was one of the most renowned hunters of those parts, with whom I managed to live on very friendly terms. Neighbors we called each other, though our locol position was such that we had plenty of elbow-room, his humble log-built cabin being something over two miles distant from my own residence. Most of those who bury themselves in the backwoods, where they calculate upon gaining an existence (I will not say livelihood) by the use of their rifles rather than their axes, are lazy, worthless, vagabonds, living almost without the pale of civilised society; yet even among these there are exceptions, and my neighbor Nicodemus Coggeshell was one of them, to his own credit and the comfort of a wife and family; for, notwithstanding his hunting propensities, he did not neglect the cultivation of a small farm; and he actually did, according as he himself would express it, hunt for profit, and not like the Squire (meaning myself) for pleasure: and hence we occasionally made little hunting excursions in company, and never, like the lion and the bear, had any angry growling about the division of the prey, the biggest share being always allotted to Nicodemus, whom I familiarly called Nimrod or Nimmy.

One fine morning in autumn, just as day was dawning, I was aroused from my slumbers by the arrival of Nimrod. On inquiring his business at so early an hour, I learned that he had brought me a beautiful little hind-quarter of a nice plump bear, that he had captured the preceding evening, knowing that I never objected to giving him his own price when he had a prime article in the bear line to dispose of. But this was not his chief errand on the present occasion, for he had come to invite me to accompany him, "if the Squire wished to have a little sport," into the woods adjoining Cranbury pine swamp. I knew my man so well that I felt convinced there was "no mistake" in the matter. I accordingly made the necessary preparations for accompanying him, putting on my hunting shirt and hunting belt, with hatchet and knife thereunto belonging; taking with me my double-barrelled rifle—a thing I never did, owing to its great weight, unless in excursions against bears and panthers, when it is sometimes exceedingly convenient to have a reserved shot at a moment's command.

On our way towards the part of the woods we were bound for, I learned from Nimrod that he had had "considerable of a scrape" with the bears on the previous day, when he had killed the young one of which he had brought me a portion. Since it appears almost necessary that the reader should know how matters stood at the time of his arousing me, in order the better to comprehend what follows, I will give my companion's own version of it as near as may be. "You see, Squire," said Nimmy, as we jogged along a narrow deer-track in Indian file, he taking the lead—"You see, Squire, I made but a middling job of it yesterday, considering that I had no fewer than three bears within rifle distance at the same time, and in the end scalped but one of the critters, and that scarcely half grown. Had you been along, Squire, I calculate we should have had the 'hol' three, or thereabouts. While I was after the varmint that I backed and brought hom', the old jade—and as handsome a critter she was as I ever saw east of the mountains—no sooner saw me than she skulked behind a fine large red oak, which I expected she was going to climb, so I followed the track of the youngster, thinking it would be all right with her when I returned; for you must understand, Squire, that I had shot two or three old bears out of that there same tree since I came to live up here behind the mountains. The other youngster kennelled in a hollow chesnut tree that lay on the ridge above the creek, so I guessed that I should be able to give a tolerable correct account of the 'hol' lot. The critter that I went after, after a middling spell of a run, tree'd in an old black birch, and after two shots (I ought to have done it at one) I managed to bring him down, and a nicer, plumper little varmint I guess I never made a supper on; and you'll say the same, Squire, I'll bet, when you taste the quarter I brought you. When I returned to look for the old slut, she was nowhere to be found; and on examining the tree she had dodged behind, why there was not so much as a single scratch on it, so that I could have been qualified she had changed her mind, and gone off some other way. After looking around for a considerable time—for I'm mostly pretty quick at finding them—I hit upon her trail, but it led right away for the dark alder swamp; and not feeling particularly certain about her location in that there boggy ground, I thought the wiser speculation would be in looking after the other youngster. It seems I had not been over partickler in marking how the time went, for just as I got near the hollow chesnut where I had seen the critter kennel, I looked up and saw by the clouds that it was just about sundown, and getting obscure like in the closer part of the woods. I had no axe with me, or I might have got at the varmint before dark; and as for crawling into a long hollow tree, with a narrow bore, after a critter that's considerably over half-grown, and especially about night-fall, is a business, Squire, I tell you, that I'm not altogether so keen upon as I once was when I wern't a married man with eight boys and gals. I therefore began to look about me pretty spry-like for a few chuncks (stout pieces) to stop up the opening snugly and cleverly, and I calculate that I managed to make it too tight for a chit-muck (ground squirrel) to creep out at. When I was near upon finishing the plug-blocking, as we call it, what should I see but the old cunning slut creeping slowly through the under-brush down by the creek, calculating, I have no doubt, upon paying a visit to the youngster blocked up in the log, if she had not observed me so busy in providing him a safe night's lodging. At one time I partly raised my rifle to give her a taste of the lead for her supper; but considering the distance, and the little probability of my bringing her down at one shot, there being darned many bushes in the way—and *you* know, Squire, that a slender twig will sometimes give a rifle ball an etarnal slew—I calculated it would be as prudent to keep quiet, and not scare her clean away from the creek-valley: so, having taken another look at my plug-work, quite satisfactorily, I backed the youngster I had shot down, and made my way hom', thinking as how that the Squire would probably accompany me back in the morning."

From Nimrod's account of the previous day's hunting it appeared that we had one bear a close prisoner, and that there was a strong probability of falling in with the old dam, for such I conceived her to be, and such was Nimrod's opinion, and his opinions were commonly the result of experience. While we were pursuing our way through the gloomy forest, Nimrod related some of his early "hunting scrapes" amongst the bears, something analogous, he probably thought, to the business we were engaged upon. As it was not the first time he had related one of these "scrapes" to me, so that I believe I recollect it correctly, I will give it in Nimmy's own version, and I believe I can vouch for its correctness, since he was no boaster, and I never found him exaggerating during our long acquaintance: he was none of your alligator hunters!

"When I was a boy and living with father—(boys are often young men of twenty or thirty among the Yankees) father and I used often to have scrapes with the bears; not that there was any bounty on them in our State, but a good skin was worth four or five dollars in *cash*, and the meat we used to calculate two cents the pound; so that the 'hol' on the profits on a clever-sized bear were somewhere near upon six or eight dollars; and then we saved our hogs from the tarnel critters. One day when father and I were out, we hit upon the track of a large bear—and father was 'cuter than any Indian at tracking them, you may depend, Squire—and we kept close upon it, I reckon, for something more than a couple of hours anyhow. At length the old boy, in something between a shout and a whisper (but the neighbors said they could hear father a mile off), sung out, 'hur-row-ha! hur-row-ha!' for he was a little a-head of me; 'Nicky, my boy, by Jumbo!'—and he never swore but when close upon his game—'the tarnation black nigger has kennelled in that there log to have a snooze;' and sure enough I saw the scratches of its ugly claws where it had scrambled into the log. 'Hist!' said father, 'I guess I hear her blowing her nose after awaking; so Nicky, my boy, be ready to give her the lead if she attempts to bolt.' We listened again quite attentively, but could hear nothing more of her, and father concluded that he had made a slight mistake, about her waking up. 'Now Nicky,' said he, 'choose, my boy, whether or no you will crawl into that there hole to awake the varmint, or you will stay out here while I go in to settle an old score with her?' I had never *then* been kennelled in a bear-tree, but I felt ashamed of seeing the old boy going on such an expedition, and I looking on; so I made up my mind to the business. I stood, however, looking at the size of the hole and the length of the log until I thought father began to look scornful at me, and, I reckon, this put me on my mettle. I therefore got my knife ready, but somehow I did not like to leave my rifle behind me. I was just about gathering my legs after me into the hole, when father sung out, 'Back, Nicky, I hear the critter a trying to turn itself.' I guess I was not long in obeying his command, and it was well enough that I did, for in less than a minute an old slut bear came bundling out of the log. But she did not run two rods a-fore two balls had passed clean through her, which brought her to the ground, when father's long hunting knife soon settled the business. 'Now,' said father—seeing the old slut quiet enough, I reckon—'Now, Nicky, my boy, you may as well take a peep into that there hole, for I've been calculating that it's just as likely as not that there may be a youngster or two left behind;' and he applied his ear to the opening to listen. I should even then have preferred taking my rifle along with me, if it would not have seemed a little shy like; but seeing that my knife was all right, I left my rifle behind me. The hole was darned narrow, so that I could only wriggle along, like an eel burrowing under a stone in a sand-bank; but I managed to get near the end of my travels, when I heard something breathing close to my face, and, from its breath being somewhat disagreeable, I calculated it must be a young bear. And so it turned out sure enough. Extending my hand in front that carried the knife, I chanced to hit the critter on the nose, when it set up a half-growl, half-whine, for the favor of which I gave it a touch in the neck with my knife to improve its singing. The blow, however, delivered in the dark was no settler, and the critter directly made towards me, to give battle, as I supposed, but I afterwards thought it was only to get away; and the darned brute was so eager to do so, that in its attempt to get past me, over me, or under me, I positively thought that, if there had not been another boy in the green mountains, I should have become wedged in, in the hollow log, to all etarnity. I'm free to confess that I was so considerably confused-like with the critter's yerking and yawing about, that when I found the warm blood trickling down my neck and breast, I had considerable doubts whether it were my own blood or the varmint's. The finality of the business was, however, that I struck here and pushed there with my hunting-knife, until the critter became quiet enough, I reckon. With considerable difficulty I managed to back out of the log, dragging my companion after me—no easy matter you may depend, Squire—when father seeing me all streaming with blood, he calculated the youngster had given me some darned deep scratches, and exclaimed, 'Why, Nicky, my son, I'm afeard you don't yet understand log-hunting quite so well as I do; but where be you hurt, boy?' But in the long run, when I got upon my legs, and began to look about me, I soon found that all the blood was the varmint's, and that I had not got a single scratch—and thus ended my first scrape with the bears."

When Nimrod and I reached the head of the valley in which he had the young bear "chucked up," as he supposed, we cautiously examined every tree that seemed at all likely to be selected by the old bear for a resting-place, for it was Nimmy's opinion that the old she-bear he had seen on the previous evening was the dam of the two younkers. As we cautiously paced along, we were occasionally a little startled with the rustling noise made by branches of chesnut-burrs falling through the leaves overhead, and dropping in the decayed leaves near us—for it was the season when the black and grey squirrels were busily engaged in laying in their stock of provisions for the winter. When but a short distance from the place where the young bear was in solitary confinement, my companion beckoned to me, for he was on the opposite side of the little stream, and, in a half-whisper, he requested me to examine some "scratches" on the back of a tall but rather slender pine tree that stood near me; "for," said Nimmy, "I don't feel quite clearly certified in my own mind whether or no these be *up* or *down* scratches; but I'll be qualified they be the marks of a bear's claws, and made not over a few hours ago." I gave it as my opinion that there were *both* up and down scratches, and I thought I could trace the marks of two separate trails in the surrounding leaves, one towards the tree, and the other from it. But my companion did not seem to be of the same opinion, for, shaking his head doubtingly, he guessed we had better be on the look-out, as it struck him there was game in the top of the tree. It often happens that the pine trees are very tall—160, 180, or 200 feet and upwards in height—though the stems, where they grow close together, are sometimes comparatively small, and destitute of limbs for 100 feet and upwards. But the branches towards the top are commonly thick and bushy, so that it is often very difficult to make out objects concealed therein. We were well aware of this; so, after examining the top of the tree carefully from every surrounding point that afforded a different view of it, without being able to define any distinct object, the hunter selected a good stout branch of a fallen tree close by, and commenced hammering lustily on the suspected tree for the purpose of disturbing Mrs. Bruin's morning nap, should she really have made choice of the tree in question for a night's lodging. He had not repeated many blows before I indistinctly observed a dark-looking object moving slowly along one of the limbs, and feeling satisfied that it must be the old jade Nimrod had reported, and being somewhat anxious to get the lead of him, I raised my double-barrel and fired. The next instant I stepped back a few paces, in order to obtain a more distinct view, and, before my companion got a sight of the animal, I fired a second ball just at the moment the creature was crossing over to another limb in front of the main stem. Whether the first ball had hit the mark or not I could not tell, but I would have laid any odds that the second shot told home, for the instant afterwards I saw the creature bound to a lower limb, a gush of blood falling almost immediately after upon Nimmy's hunting shirt. In a few moments, however, it appeared to recover itself, when it forthwith commenced the descent of the tree in good earnest. "You need not trouble yourself, Squire, any more about the varmint," quietly remarked my comrade, "for although you may not have exactly hit a vital part, I see by the stream of blood that it's on its last journey; but to wind up the business when it gets past the little crotch you see yonder, I'll give it a touch of old spit-fire;" when, suiting the action to the word, he quietly raised his gun and "blazed away." By this time I had made out, to my own satisfaction, that it was not the "old slut," but probably another of the brood out of which he had killed one the evening before; and instead of Nimmy's bringing it down at double quick time, the moment he fired it became motionless, at least for a time, clasping the trunk of the tree in a deadly embrace. Again directing my eyes to the top of the tree, "See! see!" I exclaimed to Nimrod, "yonder is the old devil coming down just above the lowest limb, and if she continue at the rate she appears to be moving at, I apprehend she'll find us both without lead in our guns;" for, after my second shot had been fired, I had calmly stood looking on without any attempt at re-loading. The moment I took my eye from the bear I made a hurried attempt at re-loading one of my barrels; but in the hurry and excitement of the moment my ramrod became so firmly fixed about midway of the barrel that I found it impossible to move it either up or down. While I was attempting this, she had descended to the place where the youngster was convulsively clasping the tree, when, either in her attempts to pass it, or from its own weakness, it lost its hold and came bang upon the ground, and never moved afterwards.

Nimrod, instead of attempting to re-load old spit-fire, got his *tickler*, as he called it—a sort of half-knife, half-bayonet, which he securely fixed to the muzzle of his piece. He kept his place near the foot of the bear-tree, while I stepped behind an adjoining one, from which I calculated upon getting a more advantageous aim at the huge jade when she got near the ground. I thought it better to break off my ramrod close to the muzzle of the gun, and notwithstanding that I had a ball in the barrel, yet from its being fixed so near the muzzle, I had no great opinion of *it* or the piece of ramrod doing effective service. Had I had time to calculate matters nicely, I should have felt some apprehension lest the barrel should burst; but that was not the moment for calculating "the doctrine of chances."

When the bear had descended within about twelve feet of the ground, I fired my piece, and distinctly saw the contents strike her behind the shoulder; but the next moment I saw that the ball had not reached her heart, for though she winced a little, and shook her head, she continued her downward course. When within six feet of the ground, she turned her head to look for a place to alight upon, at the same instant that Nimrod's "tickler" was buried eight inches among her ribs; for he had dodged behind the tree, as if to allow her an unopposed landing-place, and that the tree might serve him to steady his rifle against when tickling her. I imagined she would have sprung to the ground at once; but, instead of which, she drew up her long body into a peculiar curve, evidently not relishing Nimrod's tickling; and before she had presence of mind to spring to the ground, he repeated his dose of cold steel, which caused her to draw back her lips in a way not at all expressive of grateful feelings. When she reached the ground, before Nimmy could tickle her again, she made directly for the tree which I occupied, apparently in a perfect agony of rage, although I saw that the blood was streaming from her, so that from weakness she soon would have to give up the contest. I did not feel disposed to risk an open recontre with her, although I had my knife ready, and was tolerably cool and collected. "Dodge her!" sung out Nimrod, as he saw the infuriated brute approaching me; "give her one side of the tree, and you bolt past the other; but I guess you may as well give her the knife as you pass her." This was the plan I was acting upon while he was still speaking; but the touch of the knife I was able to deal out to her was a mere flesh-wound in the loins. At a few bounds, and while Mrs. Bruin was wheeling round—for the force she came on with served to carry her considerably beyond her mark—I was in the rear of the original bear-tree in company with my fellow-hunter. "Squire," said he, "she'll be back and in upon us, I'm thinking, in no time; for I see her little peering eye directed hither as straight as an arrow. I'll just step in front, and skewer her—if I can; but mind, Squire, you be ready to give her the 'under-wipe,' if I don't stop her effectually, or otherwise we may yet find her an ugly customer." As he finished his harangue, he slipped in front of the tree, and steadily facing her as she bounded forward, at the same time exhibiting a very interesting set of ivory, he very dexterously contrived to receive her on his short bayonet, which became completely buried between the shoulder and the breast-bone. The impetus with which she came on, though lessened, was not overcome, for the butt of Nimmy's rifle was driven back against the tree with considerable force; and observing that this partially stayed her career, I popped round the contrary side of the tree, and at the very instant that Nimmy's "tickler" became wrenched from the rifle where it had been fixed, I contrived to give her such an "under-wipe" in the throat, that from the instantaneous gush of blood which followed I felt sure that she could not last long.

We both retreated behind the tree from which I had fired my ramrod at her; and although our knives were now the only weapons we could use effectively, we knew we were more than a match for her. Indeed, she made but one other attempt to act on the offensive, and failing in that, in attempting to recover from the headlong charge, she came in contact with a sapling birch, which she seized in her teeth, clasping it at the same time in a convulsive embrace; and in two or three minutes afterwards, without our attempting further to molest her, she slowly relaxed her hold, rolled over upon her back, and, after one short convulsive struggle, resigned both life and victory.

"I've been thinking, Squire," said Nimrod, being the first to break silence, "that if I had been alone, I might have had an ugly scrape with the old varmint; and I don't feel clearly satisfied that I should have been able to carry both their scalps hom' with me. Darn it," continued he—and he attempted something between a grin and a laugh—"but we must look after our property, Squire; your rammer is somewhere in the old slut, and my "tickler" is so deep among her inwards (entrails) that I shall have some trouble in finding it."

After a short examination of the two dead bears, as they lay about twenty yards asunder, we re-loaded our guns, which I succeeded in doing through the aid of Nimmy's "rammer," and made the best of our way towards the place where it was understood we had a close prisoner. Having arranged our plans as we proceeded for the capture of the "doomed critter," we soon reached the identical log; but imagine Nimrod's astonishment, on discovering that all his "chuncking" had been demolished, and a sufficient opening made for the bear to effect its escape by. I cannot say that I was either grieved or disappointed; for we had already had pretty good sport for one morning: but Nimmy's countenance betrayed an odd mixture of feelings. I attempted to console him by speaking of the success we had had already; and although his prisoner had evidently made its escape at present, it was quite probable he might fall in with it on some other occasion. "It is not exactly that, Squire," replied Nimrod, "that vexes me; but it is to think that it should be said how that I failed in safely chuncking in a kennelled young bear for twelve hours, when many a time since I came to live on this side the mountains, with nothing but the common chuncking, I have starved many an old slut bear to death, which I vow is no uncommon easy matter."

Old London Sporting Magazine.

John McCormick, a shoe maker, attempted to cut his throat in Philadelphia, the other day, with a knife from his bench which had before entered many a man's *sole*, but it refused to free John's—the rip was "mended *gratis*," and John is doing well.

Boston Post.

ON REARING AND FEEDING SHEEP.

From the British "Farmer's Magazine."

The improved Leicester and South Down breeds of sheep are now rapidly banishing all other varieties, as there are very few situations in England to which the one or the other is not suitable. There are certainly a number of other varieties and crosses yet used, but the management of all is nearly similar, so that in detailing the improved management of these breeds, we will comprehend the general practice, except in the case of hill flocks and bought stores, in which the arrangement may be different, and yet the process be essentially the same. In the month of September the sorting and culling process takes place, and that period of the year may very fitly begin a few remarks on the annual course of sheep breeding, as being the commencement of the labors of the farmer in that department of his business.

Whatever breed of sheep the farmer may have adopted, it is understood that he has rams bred on his farm, or that he hires from breeders who let tups for one season for a stipulated price. This sum now varies from £10 to £100, but a sufficient animal of any breed may be got under £40, and the South-downs yet fetch the highest prices. Formerly it was the custom with farmers, and is yet in several places, to turn at random a ram among ewes without bestowing any care, scarcely even a glance at the relative qualities of each; and hence arises the great dissimilarity to be observed in quality and form, not only among sheep, but in all other live stock in the hands of an unskilful breeder. In mentioning this custom in a late article on breeding, Earl Spencer very judiciously observed, that any farmers who breed in that manner never can expect a flock possessing the desired properties, either in form or quality. A lot of cows, of heifers, or of bullocks on a farm, or of ewes and lambs, and lots of hogs, male and female, sorted together, never please my ideas of breeding, when I see a great difference in size, shape, and quality of wool and carcass in the latter; and a dissimilarity in cattle, whatever breed is adopted, in size, and shape, and even in color, where it is naturally uniform or nearly so. Such faults must arise from want of attention, for no greater expense attends it. In the case of horses the fault is far more glaring; for any animal of whatever shape, size, or color, when worn out or disabled for other purposes, is laid aside and thought good enough for breeding. Bad qualities are thus transmitted for generations, and it is curious enough that farmers who have very excellent flocks of sheep by attending to qualities, never apply the principle to cattle and horses, but use a motley and unprofitable breed. In the case of sheep, of which animal we are now speaking, when I see a flock, old or young, that shows a great dissimilarity in size, shape and quality, though it may contain many excellent individual animals, yet there is a great want of attention evidently displayed, and a great step below perfection; for if such a flock was offered for sale, the inequality would be a great drawback in price, besides the hurtful propagation of the inherent deficiencies of the animal. Many good breeders do not seem sufficiently attentive to this point, and show they are not fully masters of the business; and such as wholly neglect the distinction are obstinately blind to their own interest, and remain ignorant of the principles of physiological improvement. The adaptation of animals, male and female, before they are put together, constitutes the most essential part of sheep-breeding, and lays the foundation of the farmer's expectations from that source of his employment.

In the process of sorting, the ewes will be brought and confined in small lots before the view of the farmer and his shepherd, where a rigid examination can be made without the attention being distracted and confused by a multitude being exposed at one time. The form and shape of the animal will be taken notice of, if the body be too long or narrow, without sufficient roundness, the head too thick or too long, the feet and bones too large, want of straightness in the back, neck and legs too long, bad handling, the wool long and picky, waxy or hempy, pelt thick or scurvied, the chops being hogged, or the jaws of unusual length, the mouth not too large, the teeth sound, and the set unbroken, and the eyes and gums, and the whole appearance of the animal denoting a healthy, sound carcase, and fitted for propagation. In selecting ewe hogs for breeding, which will now at the age of eighteen months be admitted to the ram, much discrimination and judgment are required, and such animals should be culled and sorted down in a very close manner; and in case of many deficiencies in the requisite properties, and in the want of number to choose from, it will be safer to breed from an old ewe for another year, than to admit incipient imperfections. The animals, young and old, that are now rejected are marked with ochre, or some distinguishing mark, that the flocks may not get mixed by accident, and they are sent to the feeding divisions for the ensuing winter. In the choice of rams, the farmer will be guided by the kind of flock he would wish to have, the quality of the pasture and other keep, and by the soil and climate. Though the month of September is mentioned here as the period of general culling, the farmer who is always examining his flocks, and the shepherd who is constantly among them, can carry on the sorting process throughout the year, by taking notice and marking any animal which at any time shows a deficiency in any respect. By attending to this very simple but far more effectual mode than a general culling at one time, which, with every care and attention, is apt to be done in a hurried manner, very little will remain to be done in September, except to examine and compare again, and make the final arrangement. The ewes are then divided into lots of 50, and sent with the ram intended to a separate field. A very bad custom has long obtained among the tup-breeders, of over-feeding them, and by that means concealing many defects, and also rendering them unfit for the purpose. A healthy fresh condition is all that is required in ewes or rams, though somewhat more condition may be allowed in the latter.

On extensive farms, where the breeding flock is large, and the divisions consequently numerous, or in fact more than one, the ewes and the ram put together, will have a similar temporary mark, and the ram will be deeply marked betwixt the fore legs, for the purpose of showing what ewes are served, and when; and the shepherd will be careful in noting down the periods of such markings throughout the six weeks, the time the rams usually remain with the ewes, and will also attend particularly if any ewes return to the ram, and thus transfer the period of their gestation from the beginning to near the end of the time allowed. For this purpose the ram should be rubbed with fresh ochre every morning, and the shepherd will impress a mark on each ewe, in order to distinguish from what week of the six the time of gestation must be reckoned, and to know thereby the week of yeaning in the spring. The ewes will be in fresh condition, and the ram being withdrawn at the end of six weeks, they will continue in a stubble or lea field, and receive during winter a daily supply of turnips, at the rate of a two-horse cartload to 100 in twenty-four hours, which will keep stock in good condition; or they will be confined to eat turnips on the ground, as convenience may direct. Larger lots will also now be formed by the size of fields and convenience of food.

The season of lambing seldom begins before March, except in very early situations, or for the purpose of procuring fat lambs. The shepherd will now begin to draw into a lot those ewes which show the mark of earliest impregnation, and remove them to the lambing ground. For this purpose every farm is, or ought to be, provided with an old grass paddock or small field, as the size of the farm may require, in which there is a shelter shed with the proper exposure, and which can be temporarily divided into different apartments as the shepherds may require. A small flock may be removed at once to this paddock or field—but on large farms the ewes only next in order of yeaning will be drawn in succession by the shepherd from the fields, as a large number would create much confusion and endanger the young lambs. In this field, or enclosure, which should be warm, dry, and well sheltered, the ewes will continue to receive turnips, cabbages, and beet, and some artificial food in case of a scarcity of these; but succulent food is always to be preferred. Where the field is large, and allows the ewes to lie thin and scattered, the shepherd will divide by a temporary hurdle fence, a corner of the field nearest to his nightly habitation, generally in or near the farm-house, in which he will put every night those ewes that he thinks will yean before morning, and which corner he visits at short intervals during the night, and is much more convenient than wandering over the field. On large farms, the shepherds divide the labor by day and night alternately, and where only one is kept, he will be allowed occasional assistance. This temporary enclosure will be provided with a roomy shelter shed, which can be very easily and cheaply effected with hurdles and straw; or a more permanent one may be formed, according to situation and convenience.

In some observations I lately made on the rearing of young cattle, I remarked that the grass paddock or field, and the sheds, may be contrived to suit the double purpose of weaning the young calves, and for lambing the ewes,—the latter business being finished before the season will allow calves to be turned out from the pens. On farms of moderate size, an orchard may suit the purpose, but in all cases, whether it be an orchard, a paddock, or a field, it must be dry, warm, and sheltered, with a comfortable shed, the bottom of a thick grassy sward, no open ditches, or hollow places where the animals may tumble over and lie powerless on their backs. By this arrangement the shepherd has the lambing flock close under his inspection, and drawn from the field in order of lambing as indicated by the Autumn marks of impregnation—a shed where he can confine separately a weak or a diseased animal, bad or unwilling sucklers, and which will also shelter nearly the whole flock from the changes and occasional inclemencies of the weather. On large farms a smaller subdivision is indispensible, wherein to confine during the night the ewes that are expected to yean, that they may be easily attended to.

As the lambs attain strength, the ewes will be removed from the lambing ground to the grass fields, and the best pastures on the farm will be allotted them, and where, if the season be backward in producing grass, corn and other artificial food will be given them until the pasture is sufficient. In other cases, they will be sent to the early rye and winter tares, which lands are hurdled off and folded upon. Castration of the males will be performed at as early an age as they can endure that severe operation, and advantage will be taken of mild genial weather to second the very successful skill now attained in that process—but if cold weather suddenly ensue, housing at night will be used. The tails are also cut at this time. When speaking of the rearing of cattle I observed that in all fields of permanent pasture, a shelter shed might be erected at very little cost which would serve both for sheep and cattle, by fronting three ways, and by having the division for sheep raised only to the height of the animal, with a single post and rail in front to prevent damage from cattle. Where timber is very plentiful plain boarding will suit for walling, and feather-edge for the roof; or straw or weeds, as may be most convenient. I think the utility of such sheds will not be disputed by practical judges, in sheltering the animals from cold and heats; but more especially the calves and lambs when first sent to pasture and during the first year of their age. But even in fields that are used under the alternate system, there is most generally a corner to be found untouched by the plough, where a shed may stand, and even in the absence of that convenience, a temporary shelter may be erected of hurdles and straw to which ewes and lambs will instinctively resort in rough weather, but if not, the shepherd's business is to see to it. On the attention paid to all kinds of live stock during infancy and the first year generally, the future success of the animal depends.

The shepherds will continue drawing the ewes to the lambing ground in succession from the fields, and keep remaining the oldest lambs with their dams to the pastures, and sort them in lots by the size of the fields and the quality of its produce. If the paddock be puddled bare in any places, it should be harrowed and rolled, and seed sown if necessary. In the end of May, the washing of sheep generally begins, and is continued according to situation and exposure. The lots of different sorts and ages are driven to the side of a running stream, with a gently sloping bank, and are there close hurdled in succession on a confined space of ground with a middle division fence extending a distance into the river. Four men stand in the river of two or three feet in depth, the unwashed sheep are pent close to the bank and are handed in single succession by persons for the purpose to the nearest man in the river, who turns the animal on its back, and moves it to and fro in the water; it is then passed on to the second, and so on to the third and fourth, who plunges the animal for the last time, examines the wool, and sees that all is right, and then directs it to ascend the sloping bank to the part of the enclosed ground separate from the unwashed sheep by the middle fence. When a lot has been thus washed and has had a time allowed to drip, it is moved off to the pasture field by a boy or lad, and the remaining lots are washed, returned in a similar manner, and in succession. During this process it is necessary that the unwashed sheep be closely pent in order to prevent their running about, and sustain damage in catching: and they will be removed to and from the operation in a gentle manner. A running stream is much to be preferred in carrying off all filth and impurities. In about 10 days after washing, the wool will be sufficiently dry for shearing, which is usually performed by the shepherds, and in large farms the adjoining farmers assist each other in succession: and it is now customary to pay a price per score, about 4s., to a number of men who travel a district for the purpose. The wool is now severed from the animal by cutting a cross or round the body, the shearer begins at the ear, and opens a passage to the fore legs, he then cuts alternately with the right and left hands straight across, and meets on the back, and the fleece descends regularly to the tail, and then falls off. Some use the right hand only, and turn the animal as one side is cut. For this purpose a hard floor must be provided, of clean earth, bricks, turfs from a thick grassy sward, or a strong cloth; at all events it must be clean, and the wool as shorn is wrapped by in single fleeces by a careful person, first cutting off the locks and any coarse particles or filth that may be attached. It is then laid up for sale in the wool room, or in want of such a place, a part of the corn granary may answer. In a proper wool room, upright posts are very necessary in preventing the falling down of the wool when built to a considerable height. it is often necessary to house the sheep or one lot during the night, and they must be closely confined near to the shearers, and under the same roof. In very fine weather the process goes on in the open air.

When the lambs are about three months they are weaned, and are at once removed to a distant field beyond hearing the mothers bleat. The best pastures and aftermaths will be given them, and the best encouragement the farm will afford. Soon after shearing the whole flocks are marked or branded with one or both of the initial letters of his owner's name, with a mixture of charcoal or soot and pitch boiled very hot. Other ingredients are used; and in order to distinguish the ages and sorts of the sheep, they are marked differently, ewes on the near middle rib, wethers on the far middle rib, male lambs on the near hip, and ewe lambs on the far hip, and several other marks are adopted by the wish or fancy of the farmer. After weaning, no other change takes place until September, when the culling and sorting process will again occur, and I may again mention the propriety of culling and marking deficiencies throughout the year, as opportunities of observation occur. When September arrives little will remain to be done.

The diseases of sheep are now not numerous, and disappear before improved management. Maggots prevailed only near the sea, and are easily prevented by constant attention, and a slight application of acids and corrosives; the preventive powder has answered well. The immersing process now adopted to prevent ticks and lice, and any cutaneous itching, is very useful and efficacious, and supersedes the use of the bathings of tobacco juices and other mixtures applied to sheep in autumn; for the scab many remedies are known, the best is to prevent it by good keeping; the foot-rot is local, and the real rot also, depending on seasons, and perhaps more on management.

In large flocks much confusion would ensue if rams and ewes were put together promiscuously and without any attention to descent and relationship. To prevent such mixtures, the shepherd marks the ewe lambs that are the progeny of each individual ram, generally on the ears, and he is thus able to know at any time the connexion of the whole flock, and the farmer is thus enabled to allot the ewes and rams to nearer or more distant degrees of blood as he may think proper. This distinction is never lost sight of in breeding, or in hiring a ram; new blood will be infused, which may be crossed afterwards with native, and again with distant blood, and thus keep flocks removed from too near consanguinity. But without some such distinction, the whole system would become a mass of confusion.

In the month of October the lambs, now called hogs or tegs, will be laid on turnips on the field, or removed to a lea or a stubble field. The turnips are now very generally cut on the field for them and put into troughs, which, with the cutters, are moved as required; this practice is more desirable in the case of hogs or tegs than of older sheep, though it is much recommended for all ages. The lots of feeding sheep will be fed in a similar manner, or get turnips on grass fields or stubbles with an ample allowance—but that none be wasted. When the turnips are eaten on the ground on poor lands, the whole crop is allowed; on better soils, one half, or one-third is removed, and the remainder is eaten on the land. On sands and all dry loams where the sheep can lie dry in the wettest weather, feeding on the land seems unobjectionable, but on the wet poachy loams where the best crops of turnips are produced, the animal stands and lies on mud during rains and the melting of snow, the turnips are fouled and wasted, and the process is attended with loss on both sides. It has been proposed that the sheep have a field of stubble or lea, adjoining to which they can retire and lie during the night, but this convenience cannot always be found; the loss in turnips remains, and the wetness of the land to which sheep have a great aversion. I have proposed and often practised, to eat the whole turnip crops not required for home consumption on lea and stubble, and the land would by this method get the benefit derived from the sheep in regular rotation as well as in arable farm, care being taken to spread the turnips evenly over all the field, that the benefit may be equal. The sheep would have a dry and warm bed at pleasure, and not confined to lie on mud and mire on the ploughed field, and often pent in a fold of a small space. I do not include the driest turnip soils: and the cutting of the turnips will prevent much of the waste, but it may not be applied in every case, and the expense may be an objection.—The confining and folding of sheep on ploughed lands is most objectionable in the northern counties, and in all cold and exposed latitudes, and on damp subsoils in the southern counties, and in all dry lands, warm climates and sheltered situations the objections may be more limited. The custom of confining of sheep in a fold on an exposed field among rains and snows in order to benefit the land cannot be for a moment admitted; in mild climates, where it may be practised with less objection, the turnips should be cut in troughs, or thrown back over the fence; in order to prevent the waste or running over them, and treading and fouling the firm shell, and in case of eating winter and summer tares, the food should be cut and thrown over the fence into the racks. The expense of cutting the food will be amply repaid by the quantity lost by treading, especially during wet weather on damp clayey soils where tares are mostly grown. This custom of confining sheep by regular folding on the land where the food is growing, will in certain circumstances above mentioned be very beneficial, and is followed with much success; the other mode of feeding the sheep in our quarter, and driving them to a fold in another, is liable to heavy objections, and is only practised on certain soils and circumstance. I could hope that the folding of ewes and lambs on rough summer fallows, and in mud during wet weather, which I have seen in the southern counties is not extensively practised. **I would nearly as much object to driving the working flock, as they are called, to any such a bed, for sheep require to lie at ease, and to eat when inclined; the field when in clover could get the benefit of the fold, though for my own part I object to their being confined anywhere, except in particular cases where the food is growing on the field, and to which they have not full admission at once. In folds they are exposed to all weathers, heat of sun, winds, rains and snows, without any liberty of seeking shelter and a dry bed; and the sight of a fold on fallows in a wet morning satisfied me of the plan, for I never practised it. It is followed and much commended on the hard chalky soils of the south, and as there is usually some good attends any practice, the benefits may be circumstantial, and not capable of extensive application. It is evident that two and three-year-old sheep only should be so treated.**

Both in feeding and in grazing during summer and winter small lots are greatly preferable. The distribution will however be much regulated by the size of the fields, the convenience of food and other circumstances; but if possible, small numbers should be put together and occasionally shifted. A very objectionable custom prevails in the southern counties in keeping together the whole flock, to the amount of hundreds, and in eating the fields in succession with the lot, and returning over them again. In all enclosed counties each field should be allotted a number, by the acres it contains and the quality, but in hilly countries, on downs, and in all uninclosed districts, a different arrangement is caused by circumstances. But even in these cases the advantages of separation may be more regarded.

Nov. 15, 1839. J. D.

DETECTION OF PREGNANCY IN THE MARE AND THE COW.

BY WILLIAM YOUATT, ESQ.

(From the Journal of the English Agricultural Society.)

Among healthy animals, the impregnation of the female rarely fails to be the result of an intercourse between the sexes. The assurance, however, of this having taken place is, occasionally, an affair of considerable interest, and of no little difficulty; and the value and the destiny of the female may very much depend on the decision of the question. A certain time having elapsed the thing will speak for itself; but are there any symptoms or circumstances that will warrant the veterinary surgeon, or the agriculturist, in giving a decided opinion on the case in an early period of supposed pregnancy?

It occasionally happens that the fifth or the sixth month arrives, and, even to the practiced eye, there are few or no indications of conception having taken place. There are, also, but somewhat unfrequently, diseases which very closely simulate this natural process. Can the veterinary surgeon or the breeder decide? The answer is in the affirmative, and plainly and unequivocally.—This is one of the boons whch the veterinary art can now confer on the agriculturist. The altered character of the female is regarded, and very properly, as a circumstance of no little weight She is comparatively calm and quiet—her appetite returns, and she regains her former condition and her former habits. Five or six weeks pass, and there is no outbreak of any kind. The owner concludes, and he is not often wrong, that she is impregnated. He, however, has had little to do with mares or with cows who has not witnessed the return of the most furious œstrum, after a much longer period of time has elapsed. I have known more than three months pass in this delusive quietude, and then a salaciousness worse than at first has indicated that no actual impregnation had taken place. On the other hand, the œstrum, but not with all its former fury, has returned, two, and three, and four months after the connexion; and yet, as the result finally shows, impregnation had taken place at their first intercourse.

Many circumstances may cause the owner to be anxious to know the truth of the matter. He may wish to sell her, or he may be unusually desirous to breed from her. Let the animal be examined per vaginam Let the hand be slowly and cautiously passed up the vagina until it reaches the os uteri. Let there be no attempt to penetrate farther. No information can be gained from introducing the fingers into the uterus It is simply wished to ascertain the character of the os uteri. In its natural and unimpregnated state it will be closed: but it will not be tightly or spasmodically so, and the contraction of the mouth of the womb will form a kind of a cup, with the base towards that viscus. If she is impregnated the entrance to the uterus will be more firmly closed, and the protusion will be towards the vagina. This is the only exploration per vaginam which I would allow,—it is easily made, and it will be satisfactory. If an exploration of this kind is attempted when half or more than half of the period of pregnancy has passed, it is not at all unlikely that so much irritation of the parts will ensue as to cause the expulsion of the fœtus,

I will suppose that two months have passed since the supposed impregnation. The fœtus is still remaining in the pelvic cavity. The heart has begun to beat and the blood to circulate through its little veins. It will be situated immediately below the rectum. I introduce my hand into that intestine. I have not occasion to pass it very far up. I feel the little substance—for it then is small in proportion to its after growth. I feel it under my hand. I am certain that I am pressing upon the uterus and its contents. I cannot perhaps detect the pulsation of the embryo; but if I had delayed my examination until the fœtus was three months old, I should have assurance that it was there by its now increased bulk, while the pulsation of its heart would tell me that it was living.

For two months from this period in the cow, and for three in the mare, I should have no other indication of the presence of the fœtus, nor of its life and growth, except from the gradual enlargement of the abdomen of the mother; and, by that time, the little one would have increased in size and strength, and would have begun to take occasional exercise in its first domicile, and then would become the more evident, but not more satisfactory proof of the life of the fœtus—its motion strong enough to be seen through the integument.

I might, perhaps, wish to give this assurance of the life of the fœtus to some curious spectator, or to some intended purchaser. I would not gallop the mare in order to effect this; I would not so far disturb her or the young animal that she bore within her. Much less would I give her cold water to drink, and which she usually would drink until she annoyed the fœtus, and the unborn animal told us how much we annoyed him by endeavouring to shift his quarters and get away from the action of the cold. I would not run the hazard of giving her the cholic, and perhaps destroying him or her by this unscientific and somewhat cruel method of exploration; but I probably should give a tap or two on the outer wall of his dwelling, just sufficient to rouse him from his slumbers, and induce him to express his anger at the annoyance by a tolerably distinct plunge or kick.

Most certainly, if it was a cow that I was exhibiting, I would not give, nor would I suffer any one else to give those terrible punches in the right flank, which I have no doubt are the cause of much unsuspected injury, and, occasionally at least, connected with, or the origin of, a difficult, or a fatal parturition.

I may here observe that the fœtus of the mare from the beginning occupies nearly the centre of the belly. In the early stage Mr. Mogford generally found it "lying across the pelvic cavity, the spine being immediately under—the head on the left side, and the tail on the right side." In the latter portion of its fœtal state its motions are pretty equally disturbed on either side, and the beating of the fœtal heart is more plainly heard at the very base of the abdomen. The fœtus of the cow is huddled up on the right side of the belly.—There its motions are most seen, and the beatings of its heart most heard. The enormous punch, lying principally on the left side, presses every other viscus, and the uterus among the rest, into the right flank. This also explains a circumstance familiar to every breeder. If the cow should happen to carry twins, they are crowded together in the left flank, and one seems absolutely to lie upon the other. Whenever the farmer notices the kicking of the fœtus high up in the flank, he at once calculates on twins.

To return from this digression. If half the period, or more, of utero-gestation had passed, and I could not get the little stranger to move, by my gentle tapping, and it was a cow with which we had to do, and a quiet one, I would have her carefully held by the cowherd, while I stooped and applied my ear flat upon the flank, and then slowly and with gentle pressure, upwards and downwards, and forwards and backwards, over the flank, and the lower part of it, until I heard—and which I should do in a great majority of cases—the pulsation of the fœtal heart. I should recognise it by their quickness, the pulsations of the fœtus being double or more than double those of the mother.

If it was a mare, I would have a halter put on her, and an assistant should hold up one of her legs while some person interested reached under, or, perhaps knelt under the belly of the mare, and, passing one ear along an imaginary line from between the teats to the chest, and deviating a little from one side to the other, he would there also recognise the quick pulsation of the fœtal heart.

These observations are addressed to practical men, and will be speedily put to the test by them. The object of the author is to get rid of the vulgar and inefficient methods of detecting pregnancy which are now in general use, and to introduce others that are founded on a surer and more scientific basis.

This subject is more fully treated of in the second volume of the "Proceedings of the Veterinary Medical Association:" p. 126, and in the 12th volume of "The Veterinarian," p. 377.

Baron Maule is distinguished among his friends for the admirable gravity with which he says good things. He was complaining one day, with an air of great seriousness, of the bad treatment he had received from the *Examiner* newspaper. "As for Lord Brougham," he continued, "it is easy to account for their abusing *him* He conferred numerous favors upon the editor, and preferred his brother to a valuable place—just as he did the brother of the editor of the *Times*. But what have I done? I never gave the fellow or his family, a shilling, or a shilling's worth. Good heavens! why should they abuse me?"

An elderly gentleman, whose gayety of living during his widowhood had made sad inroads into his constitution, at length persuaded a buxom widow to become his better half. An old boon companion congratulated him by saying, "I'm glad you are going to church to be *re paired*, old boy."

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Match between Boston *and* Wagner!—Prentice's "Louisville Journal" of the 23d ult. contains the following paragraph, which is almost too good to be true:—

Great Race.—We have a letter from New Orleans, dated Dec. 27, which says: "*Wagner* has sent a challenge to *Boston* to run next fall at Louisville, and Col. Oliver tells me this evening, that it has been accepted. The race is for $15,000 to $20,000."

We are surprised the match was not proposed to be run next Spring, if any idea of its being accepted was contemplated. However, *if the challenge has been sent*, our Louisville friends may rely on seeing "the old White-nose." He won't stop for trifles, though his owner would prefer to make the stakes something handsome—say $35,000 to $50,000. Why so many of his friends will want to "put up an anti" and take a hand in this "deal," that he will be unable to retain a shilling of the $20,000.

Monmouth Eclipse, the sire of *Clarion*, *Hornblower*, and other good ones, has left the North for Kentucky. A company of breeders from that State recently offered $12,000 for him. Joseph H. Van Mater, Esq., his owner, is now on his way to Lexington with him, in the neighborhood of which city he will stand at $100 the ensuing season.

Sweepstakes, Union Course, L. I.—It will be seen from an advertisement in to-day's paper that several new Stakes have been opened, appended to those which have closed. The new Stakes embrace so great a variety that almost every breeder and turfman can suit himself, and we beg leave to commend the programme to their attention.

W. Wallace Cook, Esq., of Philadelphia, has recently lost a very promising colt by Drone out of Rarity—one of the finest he ever bred. Mr. Kendall, of Baltimore, had one dropped on the 1st instant, by Drone out of Mary McHenry, that is said to be remarkably fine. The name of *Despatch* is claimed for it.

Col. Paul Fitzsimons has bought of Mr. Atkinson, of Augusta, Ga, his yearling filly by Bertrand Jr., out of Betsey Richards, for $2000.

Dr. Leveritch's *Stock Sale.*—The following is a statement of the sale of blood stock, the property of the late Dr. Jas. Leveritch, of Augusta, Ga., which was brought to the hammer on Monday, the 27th ult.:—

1. B. c. *Gano*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards, 4 yrs—T. J. Walton	$10,010
2. Br. h. *Pennoyer*, by Henry, out of Æriel, 6 yrs—Thos. Niel	560
3. Ch. c. *Seminole*, by Eclipse, out of Celeste, 4 yrs—Col. Jno. Phinizy	175
4. Ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, d. by Gallatin, 6 y.—Gen. T. Glascock	560
5. Ch f. *Wenona*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs—S. W. Shelton	310
6. Ch. c. *Highland Henry*, by Henry, out of Highland Mary, 4 yrs—one half of him—Lewis Lovell	200
7. Ch. c. *Norman Leslie*, by Bertrand, out of John Guedron's dam, 4 yrs. (injured)—Gen. Glascock	55
8. Ch. f. by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, yearling—Jas. Lamkin	225
9. Ch. c. by Bertrand, dam by Janus, 2 yrs—Thos. B. Smith	75
10. B. m. *Eliza Hunter*, by Red Shark, out of Betsey Weaver, own sister to Mucklejohn Jr., 6 yrs., in foal by Pennoyer—J. W. Berrian	120
11. Gr. m. *Lady Bathgate*, by Kirkland, out of own sister to Medoc, 6 yrs., in foal to Pennoyer—Chas. McCoy	210
12. B. m. *Princess*, by Defiance, out of Empress, aged, in foal to John Bascombe—E. B. Glascock	127 50

Several others were sold, principally half bred, at lower rates.

Blood Stock in Missouri.—A draft from one of the oldest and popular breeding studs at the North has been purchased for Missouri, by Thomas J. Payne, Esq., of near St. Louis, of James Bathgate, Esq., of West Farms, N. Y., the breeder of Medoc, Midas, etc. The lot comprises the following mares and colts:—

Highland Mary, ch. m. 14 yrs., own sister to Medoc; in foal to Imp. Trustee.
Maid of the Mill, gr. m. 20 yrs., own sister to Eclipse; in foal to Imp. Trustee.
Grey Maria, gr. f. 4 yrs., by Imp Barefoot, out of Maid of the Mill.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., by Imp. Trustee, out of Highland Mary.
Chesnut filly, 1 yr., by Imp. Trustee, out of Highland Mary.

The purchase was made on the 28th ult., and the stock is now on its way to Missouri. Not one word can be said to add to the reputation of the brood mares, so far as blood is concerned. Barefoot was not only a good performer himself, but his stock have turned out finely from proper mares. The stock of Trustee has not yet come upon the Turf, but if form and action are sure indicatives of game and speed, his colts must perform well. His colts are not surpassed at the North, by the get of any native or imported horse. We are glad this fine lot of horses are going to Missouri; the citizens of that beautiful State enjoy advantages for breeding and training almost unknown to us on this side of the mountains, and they seem disposed to go into the matter with a commendable spirit of enterprise and perseverance. Mr. Payne deserves well of his fellow citizens for introducing so capital a draft from "the race horse region" of the North, and we wish him and his speculation a commensurate success.

Maj. N. T. Green, of Mecklenburg County, Va., has sold his half of *Texanna*, own sister to *Duane*, to T. G. Logwood, Esq., of Richmond, for $1850. She is in Wm. McCargo's stable, who owns the other half; and being in the finest condition, will no doubt maintain the high reputation of her family.

Death of another Nomination in the Peyton Stake.—A letter from Richmond, Va., informs us of the death of Mr. P. A. Prindle's nomination (16), by Imp. Priam, out of Aggy Down, by Timoleon. It was taken sick and died very suddenly on the 3d inst.

The Roanoke Colt Show for 1840.—A correspondent writes us that this exhibition will take place on the 21st of June at Boydton, Va. A great number of members are already obtained to the separate stakes. I suppose you are aware of the successful performance of the *premium* colt belonging to Col. Wm. Townes, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam, at the Buffalo races, in Mecklenburg, where he beat one of the colts rejected by the Judges, and another paid forfeit to him. That result has had a wonderful effect upon the advantages of the "show."

National Silk Convention.—This body convened at Washington city, on the 10th inst., and was organized by the election of Gen Van Ness, of N. Y., as President, and Nicholas Biddle, ex-President of the U. S. Bank, ex-Governor Lumpkin, of Ga., Judge Strange, of N. C., Senator Wall, of N. J., and others, as Vice Presidents. The committee of business made a report with the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That another year's experience has confirmed the opinion expressed by the Convention last year: that silk may be grown in all the United States, not only for domestic purposes but as a valuable article of commercial export.

Sweepstakes of Nashville.—The "Trial Stakes" closed on the 1st of January, with twenty-five subscribers, and the "Alabama Stakes" with fifteen, as will be seen by an advertisement in to-day's paper. The Secretary writes us under date of the 23d ult., that, "the Sweepstake for foals of 1838 to run Fall Meeting of 1841, Two mile heats, subscription $500 each, half forfeit, 10 or more to make a race, did not fill—nine nominations only were offered. I think the parties now down will renew the stake at our next Spring Meeting A stake has just been opened, and one entry made, to be run on Saturday previous to our next Fall races, Four mile heats, subscription $1000 each, half fotfeit, to close 15th of May next, free for all ages. I think this will close with 8 or 10 subscribers.

Gen. J. H. Adams, of Columbia, S. C., offers to dispose of four imported fillies, of the most fashionable blood, on liberal terms. His advertisement will be found in another column.

TROTTING MATCHES.

Match in Wagons.—**A match for $500 a side, to trot in wagons, from Harlem to the City Pavements, (about five miles and a half,) came off on Wednesday last between Mr. B——t's *Yankee Doodle* and Mr. B——g's *Black Horse*, which last was the favôrite. The match was won cleverly by Yankee Doodle, driven by Hiram Woodruff. The Black Horse was tooled by Peter Whelan (brother to "Bill Smith.") The match was quite a sporting affair, and attracted along the avenue a strong muster of amateurs.**

Match in Sleighs.—A match came off this week in sleighs, for wine enough to put a large party under the table, between Mr. N——o's *Mount Holly* and Mr. C——n's *Modesty*. The course selected was from Hazzard's to Harlem, and back. The owners jockied their respective nags in the most slap-up style; the match being won by Mount Holly. We did not understand the precise time made, but the pace was tremendous from the start to the finish.

During the sleighing, a number of matches have been trotted on the Avenue, some of which have been sporting affairs, and no mistake. All "the fast crabs" in town have taken a turn, and the show every afternoon has been unusually *varmint.* To the unspeakable gratification of the trotting cattle, the sleighing is over, or the Livery-stable keepers would have soon realized fortunes, charging, as they have done, fifteen dollars per diem for a pair of horses.

Trotting Match, Thirty Miles!—A letter from an Albany correspondent, dated the 4th instant, is to the following effect:—

A trotting match came off this afternoon between a bay horse owned by Mr. Briggs, of this city, and a chesnut horse owned by Mr. Dunham, of Cahoes. The distance 30 miles—from the foot of State-street, Albany, to Givens' Hotel, at Schenectady, and back; purse $200 a side. Notwithstanding the badness of the road, which was plentifully interspersed with "cradle holes," the bay horse made the time in two hours and four minutes, the chesnut in two hours and fourteen minutes. They trotted before cutters, two men in each; weight, 350 pounds in each cutter. Yours, &c. C.

A RIFLEMAN'S DIARY.

Mississippi, Jan. 11, 1840.

Mr. P.—I have seen numerous accounts in your paper, of remarkable Rifle Shooting, which to me were unsatisfactory. I have often heard men say, that they had performed this and that feat, which may have been true. I have myself hit the size of a dollar two and three times in succession at the distance of 100 yards, off-hand, but this would only occur once in a hundred times or more; this selecting one target from among many is what I call chance work, a good deal like Angels' visits. I want to see aggregate shooting; for instance, let a man put up his target, and say, I now commence, and shoot 10, 15, or 20 shots—make a record of the result, and the next time he shoots, make as many more shots, and so on for six or twelve months, and at the end of which, if I am not very much mistaken, he will find targets not quite so good as those published in your paper for the last four or five years, purporting to have been shot in New York and Savannah. I have kept a diary of my shooting for the last twenty months, and although I have made some very good shooting, yet I once in a while made some not very good; but, such as it is, I will give you, in hopes that it will elicit something similar from some one who has been as curious on this subject as myself. The following table is a transcript, and if it won't be asking too much, I would be pleased to have you give it a place in one corner of your very valuable and interesting paper.

Respectfully yours, A Mississippian.

	No. of shots off hand.	Distance.	Inches.	Eighths.
April 4 1838	10	110 yrds	28	4
June 4. "	10	110 "	28	7
" 16. "	10	110 "	31	3
" 2. "	10	110 "	26	2
Aug. 10. "	10	110 "	27	1
Sept. 13. "	12	120 "	42	4
" 14. "	12	120 "	46	2
Oct. 6. "	20	100 "	61	
Jan. 9 1839	10	110 "	19	6
" 29. "	10	125 "	23	
" 18. "	10	110 "	28	6
" 22. "	10	105 "	27	5
" 25. "	20	100 "	58	4
Feb. 13. "	10	120 "	25	4
" 19. "	10	130 "	33	
" 20. "	10	100 "	28	
April 16 "	20	100 "	53	2
" 26. "	10	100 "	21	2
May 1. "	20	105 "	42	1
" 7. "	10	105 "	18	6
" 10. "	20	105 "	50	2
Aug. 6 1839	10	100 "	25	2
Sept. 7. "	10	100 "	28	
Oct. 18. "	10	100 "	25	6
" 25. "	25	105 "	63	1
Nov. 15. "	10	105 "	21	
" 23. "	50	105 "	145	2
" 25. "	25	105 "	77	2
" 28. "	10	100 "	17	6
" 30. "	10	105 "	27	5
	424		1152	5

Aggregate or String measure, less than 2¾ inches a shot.

TALLAHASSEE (Florida) ANNUAL RACES.

We are indebted to the politeness of the proprietor for the annexed report of the Tallahassee Jockey Club Races, over the *Marion Course*, which commenced on

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 8, 1840—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yrs., 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Head & Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs	1	1
Hayward & Brown's b c. *Rienzi*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	2
E. D. House's gr. g. *Capt. Milo*, by Phenomenon, dam by Spread Eagle, 5 yrs	3	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:53.

The Stakes, two mile heats, up for this day, was not run for.

THURSDAY, Jan. 9—Jockey Club Purse $200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. f. *Queen Elizabeth*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	1	1
Hayward & Brown's ch. f. *Pauline*, by Bertrand, dam by Contention, 4 yrs	2	2
J. J. Pittman's b. f. *Eliza Head*,* by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	dist.	
E D. House's ch. h. *Jumper*, by Timoleon, out of Diana Vernon, aged	dist.	

Time, 3:55—3:58. * Carried 2lbs. over weight.

The Poststake of three subs. at $1000 each, four mile heats, up for this day, was not run for.

FRIDAY, Jan. 10—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Head & Smith's b c. *Leslie*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	1	1
J. J. Pittman's ch. h. *Charles Archie*, by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	2
Hayward & Brown's b. c. *Henry Mickins*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian, 4 y.	dist.	

Time, 8:13 8:23.

SATURDAY, Jan. 11—Proprietor's (Handicap) Purse $250, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	1	1
E. D. House's ch. h. *Jumper*, pedigree above, aged, 114lbs	*	dist.
Hayward & Brown's b. c. *Rienzi*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 94lbs.	*	dr.
J. J. Pittman's b. f. *Eliza Head*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 91 lbs	*	dr.

Time, 1:53—1:55. * Not placed.

Thus ended our Annual Races for this season, and although we had delightful weather and fine horses, we had not much sport—the thing was too much on one side. Our Florida nags could not contend with the string of winners brought by Messrs. Head & Smith, from Tennessee. It will be seen that they won every day, and it was done easily. Our Florida horses were all untried, except Jumper and Charles Archie; and it was plain to be seen that Jumper was out of fix, and Charles Archie had a suspicious leg, that caused his owner to express the opinion publicly, that he feared, if he was pressed hard, that he would let down, and it so happened in the second mile of the second heat; nevertheless, he made out to finish his work, and save his distance handsomely.

We will not despair yet, Mr. Editor, although severely beaten. We have some good stock coming on, and I hope you will live to hear a better account of us yet, notwithstanding all our Indian troubles.

Your friend and well-wisher,
Thos. Brown, *Proprietor.*

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

Our correspondent writes that the regular annual races over the *Lafayette Course* commenced on Monday, the 27th ult. The state of the weather was delightful. The Officers of the Club for the ensuing year, are—Dr. J. G. McWhorter, President; Col. Paul Fitzsimons, Thos. B. Smith, Esq., and Gen. Jos. Thomas, Vice Presidents.

MONDAY, Jan. 27, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Seven subs. at $500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin...... walked over.

SAME DAY—Match, $400 a side, catch weights; Mile heats.

Mr. Tucker's br. h. by Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs	2	1	1
L. Glanton's b. c. by Nullifier, dam unknown, 4 yrs	1	2	dr

Time, 1:56—2:01.

TUESDAY, Jan. 28—Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 75lbs.—3, 90—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's (T. J. Walton's) b c. *Gano*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards, sis. to John Richards, 4 yrs	1	1
Colclough & Hammond's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs	2	2
Thos. Vanlandingham's ch. f. *Polly Hunter*, by Andrew, out of Amy Hampton, 3 y.	dist.	

Time, 3:48½—3:49.

Betting, 5 to 1 on Gano vs. the field. Polly Hunter led about half a mile, and then retired into the back ground. Omega now ran in front to the last half mile, when Gano shot past her without putting himself to the least trouble, and came in swinging hard in hard. In the second heat, Gano led off, was never headed, and won the race without a struggle.

Gano is a superb colt, and remarkably large, sixteen hands one inch and a quarter high, color bay, without white, excepting a small star on the forehead. Mr. T. J. Walton purchased him at the sale of the late Dr. Leveritch, for $10,010.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $100 a side, 75lbs. each; One mile.

Col. Jones' ch. c. by Medoc, dam unknown, 2 yrs	1
Gen Jos. Thomas' b. c. Bertrand Jr., dam unknown, 3 yrs	2

Time not given.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29—Purse $700, ent. $30, conditions as before; Three mile heats

G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
M. L. Hammond's ch. f. *Zenobia*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 5:49.

Betting, 5 to 1 on Mary Elizabeth. Zenobia cut out the work to the quarter stretch in the first round, when the favorite went up, and ran with her at a merry lick to the stand, where Zenobia gave it up. Mary Elizabeth had it all her own way to the end, and won by several lengths. The pace was good. A smart shower of rain fell during the running. Mr. Hammond withdrew Zenobia after the first heat.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $200 a side, 75lbs. each; Mile heats.

Gen. Jos. Thomas' ch. c. by Andrew, out of Eliza North by Eclipse, 2 yrs	1	1
Col. Jones' ch. f. by Collier, dam unknown, 2 yrs	2	2

Time, 2:05—2:08. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Jan. 30—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 4 y	2	1	1
M. L. Hammond's ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 6 yrs	3	2	2
Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	dr	

Time, 8:00—8:01—8:08. Track heavy.

On the following day, Mr. Edmonson's *Alice Ann* won the purse for Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in 1:53—1:52—1:50, beating Zenobia and Capt. Rowe's Vertumnus filly. Particulars of these last two races in our next.

A REGATTA AT SAVANNAH.

Our readers will perceive that the "*Tallulah Boat Club*," recently formed in this city, contemplate a Regatta in February.

We anticipate a day of rational enjoyment. In noticing this new club, a few days since in our columns, we would, if our limits had allowed, (contracted as they were by a diminution of our force, beyond our control,) have alluded to the *Lower Creek Boat Club*, which, composed principally of public spirited mechanics of our city, have the credit of entertaining our citizens and transient residents with this athletic and manly sport for the past two years. The first year they were vanquished by General Charles Floyd, whose experience in these matters made him a powerful competitor, and at whose challenge, they entered the field.

Gen. F.'s canoe, *the Lizard*, proved too swift for their beautiful model of a clinker-built boat—*the Star*. But, like true game, they bore their reverses as men, and, by their magnanimity and noble deportment, won the admiration of all. The victor, too, was so much pleased with their gentlemanly bearing, under defeat, as to confer on the Club, the victorious *Lizard*.

The second year the *Lower Creeks* came up to the starting point with renovated ardor: bringing forward a new plank boat—*The Floyd*, named after their generous competitor. She distanced three others, of six oars; two of them canoe boats—"*The Goddess of Liberty*" and "*The Caroline King*;" and "*The Saladin*," a plank boat, (the latter reduced to five oars, halfway in the contest, by the fracture of one of her rullocks.)

In the second race, (all canoe boats and four oars,) with their victorious *Lizard*, the Creeks crept ahead of the three gallant competitors—*The Goddess of Liberty*, *the Snake* and *the Star*; leaving the second boat, *The Goddess of Liberty*, 290 feet astern.

With these results of an honourable perseverance, we were, last May, highly gratified; for it is almost a received maxim, that—"the man rising above misfortunes in this pilgrimage of life, is an object on which angels even might gaze with envy." The Creeks bore, too, their triumphs with as much grace as their previous defeat.

'Tis such men, composed of such manly materials, to whom the Tallulah Boat Club now throw the gauntlet, for this inspiring and beautiful sport. Other powerful competitors, hitherto successful, from the islands of our Coast will, doubtless, brush up for the games, in which they may hereafter be hailed as victors, for a vanquished opponent is not to be despised. We trust to see them all participate, in February, in promoting a manly recreation, and in assembling the beauty of two conterminous States, to witness the soul-stirring Regatta.

We annex a description of the boats held by the Lower Creeks, whose victorious laurels, the Tallulah boats will have to strive to displace, in the contest for supremacy in rowing.

The *Floyd*, of six oars, is 38 feet long and clinker built. She was built in New York, by Shamburg, from a model furnished by the Lower Creek Club.

The *Tallulah* and *The Ariel*, of the Tallulah Club, or either, will make a race with the Floyd interesting.

The *Lizard*, of four oars, is in length 29 feet, 6 inches. Gen. Charles Floyd has the credit of building her.

The *Savannah*, of the Tallulah Club, we hope to see entered, as one of her competitors.

It will be canoe against the clinker built, and will, of course, be exciting sport.

But *The Lizard*, as well as *The Floyd*, merits hosts of competitors. Let them come from St. Marys—and the intermediate islands;—from Augusta, and from parts unknown.

The lists are open. Who'll tilt in the presence of *the lovely fair*.

Savannah Georgian, 17th Jan.

The Late Mr. Ephraim Bond.—The will of this gentleman, who may be said to have been an industrious architect, in realizing a large fortune in a few years, has been proved within the last few days at Doctors' Commons, by his executor and only brother, Mr. Joseph Bond, of St. James's street. Probate was taken out under £60,000, the value of the property left being about £55,000. All partnership debts, furniture, plate, bonds, bills, and securities whatever are left to his brother. To his sister for life the testator left £150 per annum, secured upon money in the funds, and a freehold estate at Hastings, which at her death is to revert to her brother. The residue of the personal estate, after payment of debts, legacies, &c., is to be invested in the funds, to ensure an annuity for life to the testator's widow, and at her death this also is to revert to the brother. It seems that the deceased has left several legacies to persons by whom he had been served in his busy career; and all his friends admit, whatever might have been his eccentricities, that he was not only a kind-hearted, but liberal and benevolent fellow, with a hand "open as melting charity" to the claims of distress. We have been informed that some three or four Peers have found him a convenient friend in times of need—with what degree of gratitude is yet to be ascertained—with these drawbacks and his losing speculations in the Adelphi and Queen's theatres, turf speculations, &c., it is calculated his property has been reduced nearly £40,000.

WEDDING AND DEER HUNT IN KENTUCKY.

WRITTEN FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," BY NATT. PHILLIPS.

Mr. Editor,—I s'pose you think we have no fun in these diggins; you are sucked in; and to show you that you are, I will just give you a description of a Deer Chase, which beats them at the White Sulphur Springs to death, in my opinion. Our great hunting place is between the two Kentuckys, about two miles above the little town of Carrolton, in the forks of Kentucky and Ohio rivers.

As myself and my old friend T. was on our way to the hunting ground, with our dogs and guns, and in about a mile of our place of staing all night, we was met by a horseman, coming down at full speed. "What! hellow, Jim! are you drunk—riding for the Doctor, or what is putting you in such a splutter?' "Nothing more than a wedding," says Jim; "old John Snooks's daughter Bets is married to-day, and the greatest frolic will be there to-night that ever was there or any where else, or I am mistaken. There is about one hundred, with, I think, about sixty gals; and if I can git a fiddler, the way you will sorter hear it thunder towards dark will be curious. Turn and go up you and T., and I will go on after my man." So off he puts, leaving T. and myself consulting; says T. "We had better not go up there—they are a hell of a set, and the way there will be all sorts of fighting scrapes, and nocking one another in the eyes before morning, will be a caution!" "I am determined to go, T.," said I, "and we will manedge to get some place to put our dogs up in, and we will give them one round to-night to make them recollect us. I am sure we will be well received, for I can give them ''Possum up the gum stump,' and 'Luther Britches,' at a rate that will astonish them." "Well, if you will go, go it," says T., and turning our course, steared our horses' heads plump for the wedding, which was about two miles.

When we came up to the house, and was about dismounting, the croud outside being mery with liquor, gave us three chears, noing me a sort of gouger on the fiddle. Well, we got down; the old man coming up and bidding us welcome in a very friendly manner, saying we ware very welcome to any of his out-houses to shet our dogs in (eight in number), as good as ever struck the trale of fox or deer, which we jammed into the smoke-house quicker than shooting. By this time there was several young men of my acquaintance come up, wishing me to go and be introduced to the gals. The house, a duble cabbin, two large rooms, filled to the overflowing of about thirty outside, comfourtably drinking and enjoying themselves by a large log fire. Well, as I drew near the house, with one of the young men by my side, a kind of master of ceremonies, I began to pluck up my shirt collar, and set my hat kiner on one side, to make a grand entray, and attract as much attention as posible. As we steped about three paces into the house, he lets go my arm, and steped to the center of the room, the gals and boys being strung three duble all round on benches and chairs. Says he, "Gentlemen and ladys, Mr. Natt Phillipps, of the Big Bottom." I straitened as erect as possible, and made a low bow with a considerable flourish of my hand above the head, to the ladies on the benches to the right. Then turning on my right heel with a majestic movement, and draging my left heel agreeable to cience into the hollow of my right foot, I unfortunately caught her in a crack between two punchions, which brought me to the left about flat of my back, slap across the lap of a gal and her beau, nocking the combs out of her head, and bursting the waist ribbons and apron strings to fitts, to my great confusion; for on getting up as speedily as possible, I recognised in the lady the beatiful girl that I had got aquainted with at the barbycue down on Little Greecy. And her beau, which I didn't like from first sight, jumps up to pick up her combs; he was a big six footer, long arms, stoop-shouldered, and red-headed, and seemed, from his looks, nearly in the act of mounting me as I began my apology to the lady. By this time all eyes was on me, and everything as hush as death, which added very much to my confusion. But I began—"Madam, you must excuse this unfortunate accident; I am sure I don't know how to begin to apologise." I stamerd very much, and came to nearly a stand still, as my friend who introduced me steps up, saying, "Damit, Nat, no excuse is wanting—the lady nows it was purely accidental. Come, take a chair, set down, and enjoy yourself." So taking me by the arm, led me across the room to a seat, whilst the girl left hers to go into the next room to adjust her apron strings and ribbons, to the great annoyance of Redhead, who got up, walked the room with his white corded pantaloons and black coat, fitting beautifully, as he thought, but with furles actually hanging from his seat nearly down to the bend of the nea, and occasionally saying in low curses to himself, "Damed drunken pup—ought to be cicked," and so on. I never said anything, but swelled a little about the neck, and thinks I, "old fellow, if you aint mity careful I will rampoosell you afore morning;" still having some douts, for he was an ugly looking child. Well, being seated, I presently discovered that the old man had provided beautifully for his company in the eating line, for in a large old-fashioned chimney, about seven feet across, sought a tollerable sised salt biler in one corner, that had bin made full of backbone and chicken pie to an overflowing, all of which had bin taken out, excepting about six gallons of rich gravey, with here and there a fragment of backbone, or chicken leg, sticken up through it.

By this time it had become dark, and the gals being very anxious for a dance, crowded around me six or seven of them with a fidle, the pretty gal in the croud insisting on me plaing them a few tunes. I smiled on all the gals in as winning a way as possible, and taking hold of the fiddle, throughed myself back in my chair in as buckish a manner as possible, sorter cross-legged, and commenced thumping and rumbling over the strings to get her in order for operating, when all at once, I heard my old friend T. out at the log fire burst out in one of his greatest glees of singing to the boys the song of "the warm fireside and a Gorum," as good a sole as ever lived, except sometimes would get a little too much snapped. Well, there being two rooms, and both full, it was proposed that I should move to the partition door, so that all could hear the music, and two sets dance at the same time. They soon fixed for an eight in each room, Redhed and the pretty gal heading the set in the room next to me, and standing very close, made my flesh sorter creep as I looked on. But I struck up "Old Luther Britches," accompanied by a lad with a big clivice, and a negro with an old coffee-pot, one third full of gravel, and the way we plade was curious, and the way they danced was a little after the old-fashiond of cast of and right and left. And every time that gal came up on her side facing me, she gave me a look that made me eatch right under the ear, and feel so comical, that I would miss a hole turn of the tune; but fortunately, the negro caught it up on the coffee-pot, rattled the gravel, and plaid it over his hed with velosity, he, nor the clivice, never missing the first note. Well, the reel being out, in popps Jim with his man, the fidler, which he had engaged for five doliars the night, provided he did not get drunk. A rusty-looking old chap, with two large whiskers, and his right eye smashed out, carrying under his arm a piller-case which contained his fidle; and after taking two large pools at a big stone jug which set on a small table in one corner, he quietly seated himself, and commenced pulling the instrument out of its case, whilst we made a rush at the floor with our partners, I making a fling for the pretty gal's hand, but could not come it, Redhead being too smart. I engaged her for the next set. Off goes the music, and at it we went with a rattling pace, changing the dance a little from right and left to hands round, with three grand flourishes til each party comes round to the place they first ocupide, lets go hands, and flies back a little from each other, and the Heavens but the old house roars like thunder all out-dooing there best, some going it on gigg time, whilst others was tareing ane beating the tune all to smash after the old fidler, as plain as a pair of drumsticks would have done itt I cannot say that claret was taped on all sides; but I say the Perspiration ran freely. This is the Dance for curing the Dyspepsy, and if you have any friend that is groing meaguer and thin with a Towne life, just send him out here the tenth of next September, and before the hunting and dancing season is over, I will have him as sound as a rock. Let him bring loose clothing if he wants to figuer well with the galls, for the different steps and positions he will have to throw himself into in this Dance would split your tight-laced and stayed Dandy from the Locomotives to his cranium, every Popp.

But I am straing from the dance; every thing ends, so did it. The gals were all led to there seats, while some toddy was making to go round, and the old fidler whetting his whissell from the big gug, making ready for the next reel. I got alongside the pretty gall, and dang it—what was the matter, I dont now—I could'nt say a word. Had she put a spell on me, or what? I could talk to any other gall living—never had bin done up before—but now I could'nt come it. I was making a desperate rally, as Readhead walked up and interrupted me by making an offer for her hand the next reel; she thanked him, and said that she was 'engaged,' and as he walked of looking very savarigious, she says,—"What a dispisable crature that is; you must be on your gard, for I have heard him make some ugly threats to-night, and fighting is his trade." I felt mity good for the anxiety she shoud about me, but let her now that I was one of them cind of children myself when called on, and the sines seemed to show a cuf or two between us afore morning. Well, the music beginning to tune up caused a general scuffle to the floor for places; myself and partner headed the dance, when to my surprise, Readhead loozeing his place below, came up with his partner to crowd down the head; I gave way a little, determined not to have a furse with the galls on the floor, and noing the cuple below would have to go of, I determined to try him the minuit it was over. Well, we capered and ranted around mityly, got through, and seated our partners, and just as Readhead was pasing between me and the chimney, I rushed at him, made a motion to strike, but actually run into the pit of his stomach with my head, running him back into the chimney with great force, striking the back wall, and nocking him down, with the hole of his hinder parts into the cittle of grease, squirting her out on each side into the fire, cindling it up into a perfect blaze all round us; it was hot dooings, and I began to think about getting away and leaving him and the fire to fight it out. But he was to smart, he held fast to me, and I pulled him out ni on to as fast as I shoved him in. In a moment we was both on our feet in the middle of the floor; both drew back and striking at the same time, sliped, and fell to the floor by the side of each other; as I drew my feet and hands under me to gather up quick, I caught hold of something with my right hand, which happened to be three goints of a backbone, draged out of the pott by the seat of his britches. I raised and threw it with a vengeance right at his profile, takeing him above the right eye, cutting a chanel across his forehead like he had bin sawed with a hand-saw. The bone splitting at each goint flew into the clapboards, and made the old loft rattle like a hale storm. I drew back to strike, but sein he was perfectly blind, by the grease from the bone flung into his eyes, I determined on putting him out of the house; so I run in under him, mooved him towards the door, caught the hipp lock, and threw him out heels over head slapp across the rim of a big spining wheel, which had bin set out to clear the house for dancing, braking her down, and comeing with a crash on to the bench, and then to the ground. I threw a hand into each cheak of the door, and drew my right foot back a little, to play the Zeba on him, for I expected he would come roaring like a steam car; but the dooings in the house, and the old wheel bench, had taken the rare and charge pretty considerably out of him,—but he was begining to crall up as the old man of the house stept out under my arm, with a hat in one hand and candle in the other. Says he, "Young man, you was invited to my house in a friendly manner, you have abused that friendship by trying to raise a furse ever since you came here; here is your hat, go home, and never come here again untill you learn how to behave yourself; good night," and walks in again. Not so Readhead, he turned and gave me an ugly look, as much as to say, "I am not done with you yet," and walked of. Good by, if you are gone, thinks I, but never said a word, and turning into the room was complimented by the hole party for what I had done. We cupled of and seated ourselves around, and was getting mity happy, but, as some fellow said, "Tru love never did run smothe" or "happiness last long." We was interrupted by a devil of a furse being cicked up out at the Log fire; two or three of us runing out, who should it be but my old friend T., with the hole company forming a ring around him, cursing, foaming, and daming every boddy and every thing to pieces he could think of. I new it was not worth while to try to passify him untill he cooled of a little. I began to look about for the cause of his madness, and presintly saw a pile of rales on fire, and that the end of his coat-tail and seat of his britches was burnt of, and hearing two chaps out to one side talking and splitting there sides nearly in laughter. Says one, "Dam my sole, John, if the old chap had laid a little longer if we hadn't niguerd him of plump at the small of the back." "Yes," says the other, lafing fit to kill himself, "it has sheared his coat-tail slick, and run mity hard down into the seat of his britches," then laffing heartily, which I did not like, and as I was walking up out gumps a drunken fellow that had bin wakened by the furse, and came runing up to the crowd squeeling like Stalion, says he, "Gentlemen here is Old Medock, dam it, bring up your fine stock, hoo the hell is this speaking on the Land Bill here!" "Medoc, you and the Land Bill be damed," said T., "hoo the hell are you come in here, I can lick you quicker than you can say Jack Ralisan." "Go it, old horse," says the fellow in a perfect good umer. By this time I had walked up to him, and determined to make the best of it I could; said I, "T., it was all an axcident, the boys say the sparks from the log-fire caught in to the rale pile you was lying on." "They are a damed set of liars, didn't I see two of them bloing the blaze up under me as I gumped up all on fire, and if it hadent bin for that fellow throughing the bucket of water on me, the yed have burnt me up alive; they are a set of devils, murderers, savages,"—he was going on worse than ever when I caught him by the arm, gave him a shake, and beged him to be still; some one handing me his big coat, which I pulled on him as quick as posible civering all the breach the fire had made into his lower regions, and by persuasion and half pulling I manedged to get him into the house. By this time the wemen of the house began to raise fires under there cooking aparatuses for an early brecfast, which came on of the most substantial fare about an hour by the sun.

Well, I have bin pretty much like the fellow that worked three days on a piece of iron and steel for a broad-axe, and at last it came out a Frow, so I have bin so long at this confounded weding. But when I want to hear a thing, I want to hear the hole. So now for the *Deer Chase*; as we set down to brecfast, I proposed it and was seconded by three young men who insisted on its taking place amediately after eating, and as we got through, eatch fellow made for the stable to rig and fix his horse for the chase. All being ready, T., and the three young men mounted, I made an excuse to go back to the house. I tell you this is a captain of a gall, made right every where superxscilent in the part that most of them fail in, the foot and Paster Joint and the way she can handle it's a caution. I said a great many fine things before biding her adu, and then gumping into the sadle of a good horse, a fierce gallop brought me up to my companions in about two miles. They had stoped and was consulting, and determined to put one of the greatest punishments upon me, they could possibly have fixed on. This was to take one of the young men with me, and go to the two stands on the river; a thing which I positively despise, for give me the woods, the music of the Dogs, and a good horse, and I am never out of hearing, and very frequently in full view of the Chase. But go I must, it being as near from where we was to the stands on the river, as to the ground they had to go to start on. So we all put T. and two of the young men as managers of the Chase, myself and the other to the Stands on the river, which was about half a mile apart, I taking the uper stand it being the best, the Deer coming to it twice out of three times and always coming to one or the other certain, if not caught on the ground, this being the only place for miles up and down the river, but what there is large Bottoms and farms that prevents them runing through; here the river is about one hundred yards wide, and oposite where I set, for we allways get on the oposite from where the Deer comes in, was a long ridge which came from the main divide between the two rivers, runing down oposite to where I set to the rivers edge, and steep nearly to a perpendicular.

Just immagion to yourself, now, a fellow crouched down behind a big Sickamore, with a large Rifle across his lap, with his head reeling and noding almost to the ground, and now and then slap it takes the old Rifle Barle.—Alarmed, he gumps up, thinks the Deer and Dogs are down on him. He lisens, but he hears nothing but the thundering roar of the Back Step and Duble Shuffle of last night's frolic roaring through his head, with now and then the crash of the Coffee Pot and Clirise, and occasionally the softer Strains of the fidle. But it was no go. He sets down again, and by straining and rubing his eyes manages to keep a wake half an hour longer. Still hears nothing, gets nearly to sleep, something strikes his ear and he gumps to his feet. By the Heavens thats my Slut, a beautiful Black Tan, whose shrill note can be heard distinctly when all of the others are out of hearing. But not long are they out; here they come all in a bunch. Such roaring, good heavens, now they are in about a mile pouring rite down the ridge towards me. I stood with my gun cocked and eyes strained to the top of the ridge, with now and then cold Chills runing over me, and my Teeth chattering together like a fellow with an aguer fitt. In a moment they wheeled short to the left, right up the river through the heads of the hollows that run down to the Plantations. I was disapointed and fearful he would brake through them. But now he turns to the right from them. Heavens how the sound comes roaring down towards the river, as they run through the heads of the hollows above me. They are nearly out of hearing—Can it be posible its a stragling Deer thats going to run them clear of—for they are running to the settlements above. No, here they are swinging in to the right. Now they take the head of the ridge alone—the cry is changed from constant roaring to a quick and distinct yelping, every fellow dooing his Prettyest—now they are in about a mile, but no wheeling this time. My Slut has quit her cry, I new she was in site of her game. Old fellow, you have made your run a most too long. Here they come, turning the top of the ridge together, Deer and all. A tremendious Buck, who bore off a large spice bush on his horns as he came down the hill, and the Dogs driving a lain plump through a thick patch of fall weeds that grew very tall. Carouse the Buck takes the river about fifty feet ahead of the slut, making the water fly fifteen feet high, and foaming as white as a sheet,—most of the dogs in after him, and crying as thick as when on land. About half way over I began to fix for shooting, when that cursed agur came on me again. I sited and shook so devlishly that my eye filled with water, and I had to take down my rifle. By this time it was getting close quarters, and an inner something said, 'Dont be a Dam fool Natt!' I raised gust as study, and taking sight to split him open right behind the shoulder as he swam towards me. Bang went the Gun, and such a perpendicular gump, rite strait up in the water, you never did see; turning towards the other shore, with the bloody water rising out behind, and making it foam before like a small Steam Boat. Swimming rite through the dogs, but none of them getting hold of him. Pore fellow, he was domed to hard luck, for on the shore, that had not taken the water, stood two stout and powerful young Dogs barking and houling with eagerness to charge him the moment he struck Terafirma, which was not long, and with one bound he cleard the top of their backs, taking rite up the hill, they after him with a rush, and the way the bushes cracked, and the rocks and chunks roaled down the hill was curious—for a hundred yards neither gained, it was equal to any quarter race; at length I saw the shot began to tell, the Dogs gained fast, and amediately run into him. Down they come all in a heep, rolling and tumbling down towards the river, sometimes the Dogs on top, and then the Deer; soon the Dogs from the river runs up—the scuffle is over, the old fellow blates. I jumped into my little Canoe, crossed as quick as posible, runing up to where the Dogs had him on his cooling board cutting his throat, and then such wild yells of delight you never did hear. I was presently joined by the hole company—each fellow telling his tale with delight about the chase. Well we soon happused him up before T. on his old gentle horse, and on our way home, which we reached in time for a fine venison Stake for super—nothing els occuring than T. occasionally cursing them fellows at the Weding—and swearing the hole skin was coming of his seat.

Well, besides hunting, we have all sorts of Fishing—we goit on the Gigg Tralline and Hand line, and some have pretensions to reels; but that is spining it out to two fine a hundred for me; if ever Natt fishes, let him set down by a deep hole, well baited with corn, with a long sweeping ash pole, about an eighteen footer, and stout line at the lower end, a heavy lead sinker then, about four inches above four large Hooks tied on back to back, then five inches still farther up, a lesser hook, on which I put my bait, a Doe Ball, the greatest bait in the world for Buffallow; then when they come up sucking and stealing my bait of slily; with a sudent girk I gam two or three of them big hooks slap rite into his under gaw quicker than shooting. That is what I call catching with Grabbs—no more, yours, **NATT PHILLIPPS.**

P.S.—I forgot to tell you I was down and saw the Big race at Louisville, and got throughed tolerably flat, as every other Kentuckian should have done on *Grey Eagle*, the greatest Colt ever foaled in the West, or almost any wher else: and *Wagner*, that Old Rambustificator, if ever he and *Boston* meets on any Western or Southern Course, this Child goes the bigest cind of a Cartload of Pumpkins that "Old Arthur" cuts his Tobaco finer than he did the day *Duane* chased him. **NATT.**

STOCK IN KENTUCKY.

A CHALLENGE.—It will be seen by the following that Mr. Kendall challenges all Green River to an exhibition of their best bulls, cows and heifers for a silver pitcher of the value of $50, to take place in Russellville on the first Monday in April, or at the next annual fair of the Logan Agricultural Society. Mr. K. has some of the best blooded stock to be found any where in the state, and we hope that his efforts to improve the stock in the Green River country will be properly appreciated If his stock is to be beat at all, we know of no one except our friend Beall of old Logan, and Cross of Todd, that can hold a candle to them. We, however, give notice that friend Kendall's stock are "hard to beat" and can "shine in any crowd," either north or south of Green River.

ELKTON, DEC. 22, 1839.

Mr. Editor—I see in the Bowling-Green Gazette a proposition for a show of horses and mules, and as I am not engaged in rearing that description of stock, but I am engaged to some extent in raising cattle, and I am very anxious that our stock of cattle should be improved; I believe all that is necessary, is to let our farmers see some of our best specimens of blood stock, and they will turn their attention to that very important branch of farming in this part of Kentucky. For these reasons I propose to show my imported Bull Velocipede, 3 years old last spring, my cow Julia, 5 years old, and my heifer Margaret, one year old last summer, against any bull, cow, or heifer, South of Green river, for a $50 silver pitcher. In each class three or more to make a stake. In each case the judges chosen by the parties concerned. The show to take place in Russellville, on Monday, the first day of their circuit court, or at the Annual Fair. The proposition to be closed by the 1st day of Febuary next. **J. W. KENDALL.**

Another Match.—We learn that our friend Jas. Murrell, of Glasgow, proposes to have an exhibition of aged stallions, aged mares, 2 yr. old fillies, 1 yr. old fillies, 2 yr. old colts, 1 yr. old colts, 2 yr. old mules, 1 yr. old mules, for a $10 cup for each description—the cups to be paid for by the unsuccessful competitors. Competitors for these premiums to name the pedigree and description of their stock, which must be deposited with Mr. Jonathan Hobson, at Bowling Green, by the 1st of Feb. Exhibition to take place at Bowling Green on the 1st Monday in April next.

Our friend Murrell has all those qualities of the head and heart that constitute the gentleman, and in those essentials he cannot be "beat" any where. He also has some of the finest stock of the horse kind in any country, and if he had only named Russellville instead of Bowling Green (the first Monday is our Circuit Court, and of course would be inconvenient for many of our stock raisers to attend), our friends J. F. Tood, J. M and Z. M. Beall, Kennedy & Watkins, &c. &c, would have banged him out all hollow. If friend Murrell will just change the time, the gentlemen above named can draw silver enough for him, or anybody else, to start the Southern Bank.

We are requested by Mr. J. M. Beall to say that he is in principle opposed to such exhibitions as proposed by Mr. Murrell, and that if Mr. M. will bring his stock to the next exhibition of the Logan Agricultural Society, he thinks he can strip him of all his imaginary laurels. Russellville (Ky.) Advertiser.

ON AGRICULTURE.

A LETTER FROM EUSEBIUS TO HIS FRIEND, AND HIS REPLY.

It was long before I could bring myself to think seriously of your intentions. I have imagined you in all possible positions agricultural—and have laughed at the wretched figures I have conjured up, very heartily, *more meo;* but that I should label them with your name!! Oh, what a pity it is, the cap and bells are out of vogue!—You had better by far, sith you will follow vagaries, turn merry-andrew. You farm! whom I have hundreds of times heard say, that though you had lived in the country so many years, you did not know peas from potatoes. So now, other means of ruin in this perfectable world failing, you must set yourself up as a plougher, a sower, a hedger, a ditcher—and little wot you, in your simplicity, what a sackful of troubles each of those nouns-substantive is ready to lay at your door. It is not that you make an ill choice; you make a laughable one. You will be the butt of the whole race of fat-faced farmers, and before you have been in six months, will be reduced to be the scarecrow for your own fields—and even then, the very hedge-sparrows will cock up their tails at you, and chirp witticisms upon you in their depredations. Well—it is your own doing—and remember the saying, "He that makes his choice without discretion, doth sow his corn he knows not when, and reaps be knows not what." Your reason is sophisticated, and your heart is not in the matter, and never can be. The very style of your letter proves you are deluding yourself. You used to be a plain spoken man, told a plain tale in plain words; now you write, and to me your familiar, as if you were laboring at a prize essay, and run your periods into Ciceronean English. And because Virgil tossed about the dung with dignity, you think it incumbent on you to walk out of your library, with a pitchfork over your shoulder, upon your campaign of folly!! It suited you very well to read eclogues, and look over your portfolios, rich in masters old and new, and then to go to bed, and dream of Pan and Sylvanus—nypms, satyrs, and *id genus omne*—but waking, to dream on that you would meet them in the disguise of overseer, churchwarden, waywarden, clodhoppers and weeders, would justify your friends in holding an inquest, *de lunatico inquirendo*, upon the dead body of your understanding, and it is not your friend Eusebius could rescue you—"*Fit rusticus*" would be the only answer to every attempt. "How can he have understanding whose talk is of bullocks?" And there you are, I dare say, at this moment in your easy-chair, dreaming on, and glorifying yourself, leading a prize ox by the halter; dream on—it will soon turn out—"The Vicar my defeat, and all the village see." You speak with delight of living "*Ut prisca gens mortalium*"—you quote Horace, but forget that the usurer Alpheus, just upon the point "*jamjam futurus rusticus*," wisely changed his mind, or expended it in verbal praise, and bought in again on Monday what he had sold out on the Saturday. You have Horace at your fingers' ends—but you cautiously omit the apt story of Vultejus Mena, hooked by the old crafty lawyer Philippus, in his sport of human weaknesses and sufferings, to accept a farm—who, "*ex nitido*" a town dandy, "*fit rusticus*"—who, when he had lost his sheep to the thieves, and his cattle to the murrain, quite distracted, takes horse, and calls upon his patron in the middle of the night, entreating him to take all, and restore him to his former way of living.

How admirably the old lawyer quizzes his victim!—"*Durus*," as Horace calls him. The hard-hearted old sinner sees him worn to a chitterling by care, and compliments him upon his anxiety, the too deep interest he takes in his country affairs. You know the passage well. It will be as good as a glass, a perspective glass to you, "*jamjam futurus rusticus*"—but don't come to knock me up in the middle of the night, when your daily disasters have driven you out of your new farming senses that you have adopted—I will be "*durus*" hardened against you as Old Philip.

There now, is a piece of rascally callous philosophy for you, worthy of Philippus himself. Come to me—ay, at any hour by night and by day, mocked, laughed at, cheated, beggar'd, like the prodigal son, sneezing from the husks of your own swine—I will receive you, welcome you, caress you, and never breathe a syllable of your past folly; for were we not "nursed upon the self-same hill," but never, never will we "Feed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill." You cannot surely have been deluded by poetry—by your reading Virgil and Theocritus and Hesiod. You don't imagine either would have handled a plough, but in verse. Eclogues and Georgics indeed! In the former the very shepherds are miserables, all lamentation and regrets, and richly deserve the stick they contend for; and in the latter the poet does not even colonize his Australia with respectable people. The pastor Aristæus would disgrace any parish, running after another man's wife, and being the death of her. Here was a pretty fellow to pop his nose into a bee-hive, and (serve him right) find his colony defunct. But the poet was sick of the apprenticeship to ploughmaking, and was glad to plunge into episode and fable.

And in truth, the fabulous part of ancient rusticity is pleasant enough, when there was a sort of golden age, and no taxes, and shepherds had nothing to do but pipe, and nymphs to dance—but now we must "pay the piper"—and who now-a-days ever sees Chawbacon like Alphesibeus dancing the "satyrs?" The only tune the Farmer delighteth to dance to, is "Money in both pockets"—I wish he may get it!—for "he danceth well to whom Fortune pipeth." The country pipes now-a-days, are terribly fusticated with tobacco, not the bacca, hederæ, and olivæ. And can my friend—my classical, my tasteful friend—jog with bumpkins to fairs? Can he bear to fumigate away all his better ideas in the Cacus dens of "entertainment for man and horse, his damp clothes reeking of stall, stable, wool, and the weed." You have been reading about "the Divine Swineherd," and want to "go the whole hog." It won't do—it is altogether a mistake—you are not "natural born and bred to it."—You will be cheated by your servants, laughed at by your neighbors; and, worst of all, detested by yourself, before you have been initiated—if initiated you ever are. Your sheep will die of the rot, and your hay will be burned in the making—you have no Pan as the "*ovium custos*," and so you will be out of the frying-pan into the fire. Your cattle will go astray, and your neighbors bring actions of trespass against you. You will be so sick of, and mad with troubles, that, like poor old King Lear in the storm, you'll bid them "Blow and crack their cheeks." Yes—the "pitiless storm"—it will come down, well directed upon your hay-field; whilst your host of laborers, your Damons, your Thestylus', and Phillis', are enjoying their idleness, and drinking you up by the gallons. In vain will you be classical, and cry out upon the "*ilia messorum*"—down pours the inexorable torrents, and the living tottering cider-casks and beer-barrels drink to you in their "swelled insolence," and then fall off and snore like pigs in your presence. You must positively contrive to lose the delicacy of every sense; seeing, touching, smelling, tasting, hearing. There has been a story going the rounds, of a musical genius in the back settlements, for lack of other instruments, arranging his pigs. What think you of studying the gamut of grunts, in exchange for your "ancient concerts?" You that are wrapt in Elysium with Handel and Mozart, to be put off with a chorus of butchers cheapening your cattle! You used to delight in the song of birds, and would stay at the chirping of a hedge-sparrow, and say it was the very note of inquisitive happiness; you fed them with crumbs—but now, your innocent delight is gone, they are no longer your sweet choristers, but feathered depredators; you even teach poor children mercenary cruelty, by instigating the churchwarden to put a price upon their heads—a penny a dozen—nay, those you used to feed so familiarly from your window, you immolate into a sparrow pudding. You will no longer go out to admire nature, with your sketch-book and colors; your portfolio will contain nothing but maps and terriers; the earth will be estimated by chain-acres. In vain will the sun's gleams glide before you, enticing you into wood and glen, you will bid them begone to ripen your mangel-wurzel. Do you remember showing your Italian landscape (a veritable old master) to Farmer S——, who asked you the value of it, and when you told him, was astonished, and enquired—"If that sort of paint was particularly dear, for he had painted all his front paling for fifty shillings?"—You will soon be like him. You will prefer coaltar to ultramarine; sublime effects of cloud and vapour will no longer attract your eyes upward; your utilitarian aspect will be to the ground; you will not enjoy the weather Providence thinks fit to give you, without grumbling. In sunshine you will want rain, in rain sunshine: you will perpetually put on the crying philosopher, alternating your sorrows between arable and pasture.

Oh! you miserable man—and you must turn to farming!—to make yourself wretched indeed. I was much amused the other day by a little anecdote, (if it deserves the name,) and I will tell it you, for it is in point. Old M., the East Indian, wishing to invest some of his large fortune in lands, went to look at the several estates advertised, among the rest at ——, in Somersetshire. It was a sombre place, and, as he was alighting at the lodge, an old woman who had been born and bred on the estate under the old family, and relished not the change and new comers, came forth, and looking at his bilious and care-worn face, said to him—"What, hav'n't you had care and trouble enough already, old man, but you must come to put your foot on this estate?" It was a bad omen; he was superstitious, and did not make the purchase. Now you would have been a bolder man, and would have walked boldly up the old avenue, though all the owls of the ancient patrimony were hooting you at every step—nay, you would have slept in the haunted chamber, unscared by the frowning portraits of ancestors to be disinherited by you. Your present scheme is all of a piece with this rashness. And do you really think you have the making of a farmer in you?—not a bit of it. I have heard you declare that nature made men specially for their occupations. Have you looked in a glass lately? Have you the broad hand and the large foot, to handle well the spade and press it into the soil, which is the very stamp and mould of a natural-born agriculturist; not forgetting, however, the broad shoulders and stout calves, to help a cart-wheel out of a rut, and if need be for breast-ploughing! Then how different are the "*Fruges consumere nati!*" Small hands and feet, of little worth for sturdy work—a goodly paunch, no very large head, but an undue proportion of mouth. Then comes the artizan, slendor throughout, somewhat pinched, nimble fingers and a busy eye. Whatever of either of the two there may be in your compound, there is not an atom of the agriculturist. You are an offset, as it were, of an artizan, shooting out somewhat eccentric branches, and budding literature and the arts. Yet must you leave your natural bent, and try to invest your new vagary with something of yourself! You will spout continually—

> "O Fortunati nimium sua si bona norint Agricolæ!"

And then mark their discontent. Virgil tells you they don't know when they are well off. So will you prate on of the praises of agriculture; a second Cincinnatus, if any one would take you from your plough for any thing but out of pure charity. Your bungling work at it would sicken all that would offer you other employment. And you will fancy you are leading a life of simplicity! A life of absurdity and nonsense! Man was not created for a life of simplicity, and to be always stooping over clods. He was originally gifted with imagination, with faculties of investigation and invention, to make life an artificial acquirement—"*Vitam excoluere per artes.*" Oh, the life of simplicity indeed! An agriculturist's eyes have but one speculation—arable and pasture; all else is a desert. When you and I asked farmer John Turnsoil, who had gone to and returned from London, what he thought of St. Paul's—what was his reply? "I don't think much o't; 'tseems there's a good deal of ground throw'd away."

And you think to lead a life of simplicity in the very low calling that, above all others, as it appears to me, has come under the most artificial arrangement. You will not be allowed to sow, and reap, and eat alone? you must take upon yourself much of the management of the country, and have to direct the vexatious detail, through the proper government of which the rest of the world live tolerably quiet—all of which you are as unfit for as you are to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and you are about as fit for that as Spring Rice. You must buy and sell,—there now is one of the nuisances of life from which Adam was exempt; and that answers satisfactorily the well-known questioning distich—

> "When Adam delved, and Eve span,
> Where was then the gentleman?"

You will have not only to pay rates and taxes, but to understand them, and collect them too. You must be versed in poor-laws, high-ways and by-ways; and the more you are versed in them, to see things going wrong a thousand ways, where you now see nothing. Often have I wondered how this world is managed at all. I am born asleep, in understanding at least; I awake by degrees, and find myself in an organized, well-arranged state of things, that for the life of me, study as much as I will, I cannot account for—it is all past my power of finding out; and I bless myself that the greater part of all this order is done for me. Now, the mystery of all this, you must plunge into. You must be perpetually pulling the strings of the puppet-show, for my admiration, use, and advantage. I shall never see sheriff, nor javelin-men, but from my heart I shall pity you, who have to pay for and trick up the whole court. You must remember all this order of things beautiful to the Philosopher, but detestable to other people and in others lights, must be paid for out of the land—out of the land! You will never find your share of it out of yours. You will stand aghast and talk of these things; all the while you try to be deep in ways and means, like a man fumbling in his breeches pockets, and wondering where the minister gets his supplies. To be "Ignoramus in the fine arts," like your friend C., is to be a fine fellow; but to be an ignoramus in parochials, before a whole vestry of farmers, is to be stung by hornets, to be kicked by asses, ay—and reversing all order of things—to be saddled by them too; for you need not doubt having a double share of the burthens. With your helpless incapacity, (excuse me for the plainness,) how long will it take you, map in hand, to know your own lands,—and for the minutest trespass, you will suffer by encroachments, or worse penalties. You will cut your neighbors' hedges for your own, by mistake, and not have the wood; and your neighbor will cut yours, and carry away all—and no mistake. Then you must have farming-servants—locusts—eating up the land, and their ignorant master too. Do you flatter yourself you can manage them? Can you bluster and swear at them? You will not even know if they have done what they ought to have done. Out of your genuine kindness you will thank them, and the first time you do so, you will be laying down a measure for their idleness, to say no worse of it, for their perquisites shall be measured by it, till they exceed all measure. You must have a hind to manage for you, who will inevitably be your master—the worst of masters—a semi slave-master—your taskmaster, whom, like any other madman, you will have to pay for being your keeper. He will whistle and sing all about your house, that used to be so quiet, and, if you gently remonstrate with him, won't keep his mouth shut, nor his tongue and teeth idle, but will sulkily fling himself upon your bench, and sit down to your beef and pudding with a vindictive appetite. And all under him, and that have the run of your house, will think themselves bound to observe the fugleman, and do likewise—such is the *esprit de corps*. Do you remember the anecdote I once told you of the great Miss G—, who undertook the management of some of her land? She thought herself clever enough to manage John Chawbacon, and the rest of them: so one day she stood by when John was at his dinner—and he did not make the worse dinner for that. Now, knowing the elasticity of John's stomach, as he was rising to his work, time up, she said, "John, I think it would save time of coming and going if you would sit down again and take your supper." "No objection in the world," said John, and down he sits, and *instanter* despatches another pound or two, and drink in proportion, ending with her ladyship's health, and many thanks. "Now then, John," quoth the Lady Bountiful, "you may go to your work." "Work, Ma'am!" said John, with a grin, "I never works, ma'am, after supper," and so he threw himself down, and in three minutes snored like a pig. Laugh at it—laugh at it, and so laugh at yourself. He sleeps—that is more than you will,—your head will never lie easy on your pillow again; when night closes upon your crops for growth or for blight, or if ripe for depredators, you will dream of thieves and foxes prowling about your poultry-yard. I went last week to see poor old farmer S—: you know something went wrong with him, and there he is in a lunatic asylum. He told me he could not sleep a wink at nights, for his sheep patting about his room all night. What misery, to be ruined by them when in his senses, and to be haunted by them when they had driven him out of his senses!! I thought of you.

Is it too late to be "a word to the wise?" When your laborer rests from his work, your work will be going on. You may, indeed, quote your favorite Gray—

> "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

You may well call it darkness, for you will have it black enough—all will be black, even your corn, for that will be sooted. And when all your projects fail, and you are really ruined—for I see no other end if you pursue this folly—what bantering, jeering, and insult there will be at the sale of your stock, and what bitter sacrifice! You had better sell off all now, while you can with a good grace; but "*quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" You ought to have been made wise, for it was in your presence I heard our excellent old friend George Cartoon go through his experiences of farming. Do not you remember how we were sitting one summer evening in his little snuggery, with all his drawings about him, and his portfolios of prints, his collection of Bonasonis and Mark-Antonios? and we looked out upon his little garden, which he had Italianized, and there were his vases, his antiques, his terra cottas; and between his rows of shelves of "choice Italian," his beautiful drawing of the lake of Nemi, the green transparent "speculum Dianæ," and there was he, in the evening of life, the sun gilding a countenance beaming with benevolence, intelligence, and fancy unextinguishable. His own head was the best of his bronzes. You thought his description exquisite—it was so—did it make no more permanent impression than that transitory admiration? Somehow or other the conversation fell upon the badness of the times. He described how, at the commencement of the war, he returned from his charming Italy; the funds had fallen immensely, and he found himself thereby minus half his property; at the same time, every thing else was rising. How he settled himself in a small neat villa near town, and still went on with his tasteful pursuits—the arts, literature, and benevolent schemes. Some of them, it must be confessed, whimsical enough, to do every body all the good in the world. Still he found that, if his means were decreased, his family was increasing; and so, in an evil moment, he thought of selling out his stock, and buying a farm. And how was he led to this? He found his neighbors first putting down one horse, then another, professing walking was much better for their health than a servant, adding, with a forced smile, how pleasant it was to be independent of such plagues. Then, rising one morning very early, he found his neighbor, who had hitherto been an indolent and luxurious man, up before him, and at work in his garden, professing, as his reason, that his physician had ordered the exercise for him; and so it went on, with a thousand little mean subterfuges, that every body was doing every thing he could for himself, and reducing expenditure as much as possible. Now, our excellent old friend, Cartoon, hated subterfuges and excuses, had always spoken his mind and told the truth, and would still do so. So he told all his neighbors why they did what they did, and thenceforth determined manfully to do his best; and so it was he bought a farm.

He had at first thought of going to America, and so being a settler in the back settlements—a friend had gone there, and sent him a true account of things; and such an account! The settler had scarcely arrived—was, in fact, putting up a few drawings, and his daughters were arranging their trifling ornaments around the room, and trying the keys of their piano—when in broke two monsters, who called themselves visiters, come to introduce themselves to the new settler. One poked his stick through the glass of a drawing, the other threw a glass holding flowers out of the window, both saying, "We don't want such things here; if you live here, you must live as we do;" and then banging his stick down on the piano, enough to split it, "What," quoth one, "d'ye bring this thing here for; and I 'spose your daughters squall to it, hey?" and then he set up such a laugh. The new settler declared it was not human—"nec vox hominem sonat"—and must have been acquired in the forests. Well, this new settler was soon sick of it; but, before he broke up, wrote to dissuade Cartoon from being a settler. So, to go back from this parenthesis, he bought a farm; and where do you think? Our worthy friend knew nothing of land but by sketching it, and his studies had been among mountains—he liked the wildness and beauty of them; and so, rather inconsiderately, he made his purchase among the stoney hills of ——. In truth, his land was none of the best, and it would have broken the spirit of an iron farmer to have broken it in. It was about as stubborn a piece of goods, as had ever fallen to the lot of man to have to subdue. All this he did not know when he bought it. Experience is the thing, and happy is he who can get out of such experience as poor Cartoon did. But his description was not of his getting out of it, but into it. First, being, *totius in illis*, by nature an enthusiast in whatever he takes up, he read nothing but agricultural works; thought he must do the thing in earnest—had an auction of his curiosities of taste—his expensive library—nay, went so far as, finding some not fetch the price they should, he gave them away. But his real friends would not accept them, but deposited them for him, knowing well that their friend would come back to his taste, or his taste to him; and so it turned out; and many a day have you and I admired that happy remnant of books, portfolios, and pictures; and surrounded with which I drew his picture when he detailed to us his farming experiences. You remember the taking possession—how he settled first his family at the town of ——, and arrived at his farm one morning before breakfast, where his land-bailiff, or manager, met him. Then came a volley of disasters; the neighbors' cattle had broken into his pasture; the poor had destroyed his hedges for firewood. Half his sheep were going fast with the rot. "Well," thought he, as he push'd the man out of the room, "I will have my breakfast first," and so down he sat; and scarcely had he tasted the first morsel, when the man came in again to tell him that his cattle had broken into a neighbor's field, who had sent word to say he had put them in the pound, and would measter be pleased to go and get them out. "Hang 'em all," said Cartoon, "let me have my breakfast;" and away went the man. Then in rushed Jenny Lake, the dairymaid, in a rage, that Sally Goodman's big boy had throw'd a stick at the gander, and killed him. Her he pushed out of the room, and this time locked the door. It wasn't long before it was invaded again, but he was deaf to all entreaty; to open it; repeating just—"Can't come in, can't come in." Breakfast over, out he went, fairly intending to buckle himself to his task of calamities, and know them all. The list was long, and bad enough; and he never found himself, he said, with all his imagined knowledge and power of invention, so completely at a loss. However, having in some sort settled the most urgent, and left others to settle themselves, he thought he had done enough for the first day; and he determined to indulge himself, and be free from all further interruptions. So being, as you know, a lover of the picturesque, he wandered among the rocks, and seeing a snug place under a broad shadow—"Here," thought he, "not a soul will ever find me out;" and here, down he sat, took out his little book and apparatus to sketch, thinking he would have the beauty, if not the profit of the country. Scarcely had he spread his paper before him, when a farmer, riding along the road some distance below him, (and nothing less than the sharp eyes of Malevolence, he vowed, could ever have found him out,) spied him, and thus called out to him:—"Holloa, measter; the craws be picking out the eyes of your lambs." "What," cried Cartoon, "do they do these things here too?" and so he gave up his sketching for that day. Nor did he close his first day without so many disasters unlooked-for, unspeculated upon, that when he laid his head on his pillow, he thought it stuffed with the thorns of his land; and when he did sleep, dreamed he was gored by his neighbor's bull, which he always considered a prophetic dream, for, a few weeks after, he had but a narrow escape from the ferocious creature of a more ferocious master. Thus ended his first day and night.

However, he was in for it, and could not well get out of it; and for several months endured torments agricultural, beyond what his imagination, a fertile one, could have drawn. He could'nt sell his sheep, he said; and one day asked a farmer, who seemed most friendly to him, the reason. "Why," quoth he, "you should put big buttons on your coat, and drive 'em to the fair, as we do, and be there, d'ye see, yourself." "Well," said Cartoon, "since I had come to *infra dig,* I thought for once, buttons should'nt stand in my way, and for once I would not have a soul above buttons; so I got the patent of the farmer's, and big buttons had I to my coat." And so to fair he went. One came and pinched his sheep, and went away; another did the same; but nobody bought, ask what price he would; and by degrees all went away, and he found himself left in the fair with his detestable sheep. Nobody would buy them; and most grinned and walked off when they had felt them. Then the greatest annoyance he had in doing as the farmers did, was in returning from fairs—stopping with them at inns; and in those fine days they drank their bottles of wine as well as spirits. Now, Cartoon detested drinking, and nearly killed himself in the attempt to do as "we farmers" do. On one occasion he asked the same farmer again, when the wine was in him, why he could not sell his sheep. "Because, to tell you the truth, they don't like gemmen, and won't buy of a gemman." "Then," thought Cartoon to himself, "I'll give up;" and so he did; and sold his farm, luckily, at no great loss. He laughed very heartily, and said he had one trifling, and he hoped innocent, revenge upon his agriculturist neighbors. On the road, one day, he met some caravans going to the fair at B——, and fell into conversation with a gentleman riding the same road. He turned out to be the celebrated ventriloquist of the west of England. This man he engaged to ride after a trio of farmers at a little distance. He did so; and when they came to the cross road, he pretended to turn his horse's head another way, and threw his voice into the beast's mouth—"Don't pull me so, for I'd rather go along with these farmers." Off set the farmers as fast as they could gallop, verily thinking a greater thief in grain than themselves was after them.

Dear, worthy, now, alas! too aged Cartoon, the world, with all its ingratitude, by which word "world" is always meant ten miles round, will be sad when all your days are numbered. Nothing can quench the glorious fire of your animation while life lasts. Fortune has run full butt against you, and retreated "manca," *maimed* by your wit and cutting smile. No darkness, without nor within, can dim the illumination your rapid words throw upon all subjects. To know you still live, and are happy, is a recompense for some of the wrongs the world have done me; and when you die, if pure Christian benevolence ever ascended to happier mansions than of this world, there will be such provided for you, and who knows if you may not there again count over your Bonasonis?

Terrestrial thoughts and images crowd upon terrestrial vision, and, till the mists be removed from before it, your cheerful and benignant face, in your snuggery of art and of books, will be ever to me a picture of present happiness, and of hope and promise of its continuance for ever.

Is this stepping out of philosophy? Now, my friend, be wise from his example, and turn once more to a sensible man. Resist, if it be not too late, the temptation. "Take the bull by the horns" no, that is an evil omen, have nothing to do with bulls nor cows. You have already been vaccinated and caught the infection—the love of cattle. You are like St. Antony, tempted by all unclean beasts. Soon your taste will degenerate into the porcine; they were devils that entered into swine, take care the swine do not enter into you. Then your very similes, and all your ideas, will be hoggish—you will consider the *summum bonum* to be a good bacon pig. "A-talking of sows," drawled out a farmer to another, "how's your wife?" Was anything ever more thoroughly porcine? Such fellows are blind to every other beauty, they go about with a sty in their eye. You will prefer offal to romance. A vile butcher will be your real Orlando, and Angelicas you will see no more; nay, the soft touch of woman's hand will furnish you with no other idea but that it would make good butter. Abel the student was rusticated "to sow his wild oats," fell in love with the butter-woman, and made horned cattle his friends, and became as one of them. There is no end to examples all around and about you, to deter you—but I fear you are infatuated. The *ignis fatuus* of agriculture is leading you a dance into a quagmire. Had you been weary of your letter'd ease, and wished more active employment, consistent with your profession, you might have worked your fingers to the bone with great eclat for bazars—you might have done any folly of that kind, and been praised and thought the worthier—you might have made reverend baby-clothes—you might have cobbled from morning to night, and made infant shoes to defray expenses of building a church—anything better than putting your own shoes down in the mire and clay at the tail of your plough. I suppose you have been reading *The Farmer's Boy,* or some such stuff—Bloomfield, by the bye, was a cobbler, and left his trade for poetry, and wrote his agricultural praises, and one of his own lines expresses to a nicety the change—

> "And dirt usurps the empire of his shoes."

He had better cobbled on; he might have risen to be Emperor of Morocco. Had he stuck to his trade, his trade would have stuck by him—and so I fear did his poetry, for it stuck, though it had Loftus's lift. If the *cacoethes scribendi* comes upon you, you will write in the *Farmer's Magazine*, and such works, and get into controversies upon the breeding of pigs and planting of cabbages—a worthy object indeed for all your learning and your acquirements. You will waste your genius in inventing rat-traps, and when asked what is your study, will answer with Edgar in *Lear*—

> "To prevent the foul fiend, and kill vermin."

You will write against blockheads, and make no impression. I remember well when I was a boy at school, a shrewd little fellow that had lived in town all his little life till he came to school, laying a wager he would write in a Farmer's Magazine and be answered. We thought it impossible, as he knew nothing more of the matter, excuse me if I say, than you do. He wrote on the drilling of turnips—describing, with great ambiguity of expression and circumlocution, a new method, which, if it could be at all understood, was the mere momentary vagary of his brain. Away went his paper—it was inserted—more, it was answered—more, it raised a whirlwind of controversy, declarations of experiments, failures and success. He had a host of abettors and antagonists—and by some the originality of his plan was doubted, and by others claimed as their own. A pretty tribe for your learned pen and learned leisure—but I forgot, leisure you will have none—not a moment, there will be always something to be done, to be looked at, or to be mended. You will be worn to a shred, to a skeleton; you will be pinched like a snipe, and your nose be as sharp—methinks I see you, like him, poking it into the ground to try to live upon suction. It will be the death of you. However, farewell, light lie the earth upon you when you die, for it will be the heaviest of burdens upon you as long as you live. Concern not yourself about you epitaph. That shall be the last office of the pen of your loving and truth-telling friend, not only till, but after death,

EUSEBIUS.

REPLY TO EUSEBIUS.

I have laughed very heartily, my dear Eusebius, at your fears, real or pretended, respecting my agricultural pursuits. I certainly told you I intended to turn farmer, and it was a specimen of the presumption of speech.—I might, with as much truth, have said I was going to set up as physician, because I had recommended a recipe for a cold. My farming has been on the smallest scale; yet, small as it has been, I was determined not to reply to your letter, until I could supply you with both the result and detail of my experience. But as, in the interval, you have neither come to me or written to me, nor, as far as I know, acted the cautious friend, by setting unseen keepers about my ways to ascertain the extent of my lunacy, I conclude your letter to have been the result of one of your own vagaries, which evaporated as the ink dried. Small as the scale of my experiment has been, I am free to confess, my dear Eusebius, that had my scale been extended, I do not believe you to have been guilty of any exaggeration, nor that your picture would have been a caricature. I will, in the very commencement, set your mind at rest. My farming, of which you make so black an account, is at an end—"Othello's occupation's gone"—I have in disgust thrown all up—the unpleasant feeling has worn off, and I can now laugh with the best of them, at myself. I made known to you my intention to purchase a few acres; you said nothing to dissuade me from so doing. I bought, and thinking the next step in life was to acquire some knowledge of agriculture, determined to manage it myself; perhaps I should have said mismanage. I had no conception of the interest taken in these pursuits; my anxiety, at first pleasing, soon became so intense as to be perfectly painful. I will not tire you with an account of all my minute concerns—you have well described them by asserting they would afford no rest. But so had I been given up to other, I may say quite other, pursuits, that though for a time I had with much resolution discarded them practically, they would force themselves upon my mind, when I was striving to fix it upon matters relating to my new occupation. The effect was, that I began to be a cold utilitarian, and to look upon my former studies with something like contempt—then as enemies. This was a lamentable state; I had forsaken the delight of all my days, and resembled Cowley's state, described by him in the "Abeyance of Love,"

> "Thousand worse passions then possessed
> The interregnum of my breast."

I felt degraded, for I had lost one ingredient of happiness, and certainly not found another. And I was conscious that I was, in all proper knowledge that should become a man (*i. e.* a farmer,) decidedly inferior to the lowest of the grade. I am afraid, had prosperity crowned my little attempt, I should have become penurious and avaricious. I was like the glass seller in the "Arabian Tale," in building castles, and destroying the means whereof to build them. I will not be wearisome by enumerating all my little disasters, but merely tell you how I managed about my sheep. I had a day-laborer who served me as a hind: he was a faithful and honest fellow, I believe, but a bit of a wag; he had a dry humor about him, not that I, by any means, would say he did not do his best to moisten it; he was about forty years of age, a little man, every feature in his face seemed to have a screw in it, which he could move either way at pleasure; whenever he spoke seriously he always looked straight at a wall, (if one was near him,) or the bole of a tree, or, if no such object presented itself, at his fingers, (and they looked like things grown out of rough ground;) but whenever there was a sly meaning in what he had to say, he always looked up in your face, let out some of his screws, and tightened others, and nearly half-closed one eye, and all but quite the other, and inclined his head a trifle towards his right shoulder. This would have amused me, but I soon discovered it was his usual mode of telling that something or other went wrong, something out of its usual course, which he meant to show went wrong through my fault. But "revenons a nos moutons"—my first purchase of sheep happened thus: I was recommended to send to the fair of ——, and told what I ought to give for half-a-score of ewes. Before the fair day, however, as I was walking along the road, near my garden gate, I met a large flock of sheep, and some drovers. I found they were going to the fair. Here, thought I, is an opportunity not to be lost—no trouble of sending to fair—and a manifest saving in having them driven home; I found, too, the price was much under what I was told to give, so I thought myself perfectly safe: sheep were sheep, and the sheep I bought—and without the aid of my man. When he came up, (as he was sent for to put the sheep in the field,) I said with an air of some importance, never having been the master of so many animals before, "Here, Richard, I have bought to-night these sheep." "Which, sir," said he, "ewes or wethers?" I am ashamed to confess, Eusebius, that I did not know; it was provoking—I looked like a fool. The man I had bought of, relieved me by pointing out my purchase, and Richard was for a time too busy to notice me. "These are pretty lightfoots," said he then, with his arch look, "where shall I take 'em, sir?" "Why," said I, "you know very well, to the field." "Oh, ay," quoth he, "but may be they won't like the field." I could not in the least tell what he meant, never having heard of consulting their liking. "Well," said he, "I will drive them there, but if they don't like it they won't stop." "What do you mean?" said I. "Why. them sheep be all greyhounds." Shortly after, I met a neighbor, and told him what a purchase I had made—"And where are they?" replied he. "In the field above the house," said I "No, they are not," says he, "for I have just seen about that number break over hedges, and away with 'em, as fast as they could scamper—if those are yours you had better send after them"—and going off—"When you've caught 'em, sell 'em." This was, indeed, a bad beginning. I went for my man—he looked this time in my face as I told my story—and told him to go after them. "Oh! there's not much use in going after them," said he, "at least not without a dog"—and away he went on the run. I, like a fool, I am ashamed to confess it, little dreaming he was gone to borrow a sheep dog, let loose my large Newfoundland, and away I went along the road, as fast as my legs could carry me. About a mile on I found the sheep; that is, I came in sight of them, and pointed them out to the dog. Off went Neptune, and off went the sheep; I saw him plunge into the midst of them—he had brought down one, and the rest went farther than ever. He had, indeed, brought down one, and, by the time I came up, had made a good hole in its side. The poor thing was killed sure enough. Now I didn't mind the loss of the sheep, but was in dismay at Richard's up-look, which I knew awaited me. I met it, and was humbled—"Your honor," said he, had better keep a hunter, and a pack of hounds, for them deer's capital sport, and I see your honor's in at the death." After much time, trouble, and cost, the sheep were recovered, and as my friend advised, sold, at a loss. It was amusing enough to Richard the day of the disaster. I returned in no very good humor, and finding two large pigs in my garden, made a boy, whom I had just hired, drive them instantly to the pound, and in the evening in came Richard with one of his looks, and asked for money to get the pigs out of the pound. "Out of the pound," said I, "I get them out of the pound!—why I've had 'em put in." "Then your honor," quoth Richard, "will be sure to get 'em out." "Not I!" said I, indignantly; "let those get 'em out that own them." The fellow gave a double screw, and slightly curled his thin lips, and, affecting great submission, replied in a low and slow voice, "Them is your honor's own pigs." This took me by surprise, effectually dissipated my bile, I threw myself back in my chair, and laughed out most heartily. Richard put his hand to his mouth, made antics with his knees to suppress his mirth; but it would not do. He gave way to his humor, laughed louder than I, and then as suddenly stopped—asked my pardon, adding—"Sure your honor knows best; but I think we'd better get 'em out this time, and punish *them* (with a marked emphasis) next."

My second purchase was still more unfortunate. This time I did not trust to my own judgment, but requested a neighbor farmer, who was going to a fair, to buy me six sheep. "Six sheep!" said Richard, who was present, looking up now at me and now at Farmer L—, "six ewes in lamb this time." He looked again at me, as much as to say, "I doubt yet if measter knows one from t'other." The six ewes were bought—twenty-five shillings a-piece. I had heard that a good shepherd knows every sheep in his large flock. I had the curiosity to study the physiognomy of mine:—in vain, I never could tell one from the other, and judging from the intenseness of my observation, I much doubt the fact. Well, I now had six ewes in lamb. These will produce me at least a lamb each; that will be twelve—twelve sheep—twice twelve, twenty-four—and so I went on counting, till (upon my fingers) I was master of a tolerable flock. In the morning before breakfast, if any met me and asked where I had been, the answer was, "To look at my sheep"—after breakfast, "to look at my sheep"—before dinner, "to look at my sheep"—after dinner, the same. I was looking at my sheep all day, and "wool-gathering all night." I dreamed of them—I was Jason going after the golden fleece—I was a shepherd king. Great things, they say, arise from small beginnings; so it was with me, wonderful speculations arose out of my six ewes in lamb. I did Richard the justice to tell him, one day, that he was as watchful of my six sheep as I was. He gave one of his looks, and said, suddenly dropping his speech into great gravity, "They must be look'd arter, for I question if 'twouldn't be best to send 'em to the butcher!" Send my six ewes in lamb to a butcher! Why send them to a butcher? thought I. Not long after, seeing Richard, I said, for something to say, "Well, Richard, have you seen my six sheep this morning?" "No, sir," quoth Richard, and then screwing up some, and unscrewing others of his features, "I have seen five, for t'other's mutton, and mutton your honor wont like to eat." One of my sheep was dead. The week following, another. I had now but four sheep out of six.—"Bad work, Richard," said I, "four out of six." "Four sheep and two skins, your honor will please to count them," quoth the scrutinizing Richard. To make the best of it, and be beforehand with my joke to my friend Richard, I said to him, "Well, we have four sheep and two treasures of skins."—"No, your honor, excuse me, you're wrong there, four sheep only, the skins were stolen last night. There was no standing this—it was so. The day after came the saddest news of all—Richard called me from my bed." "Them as took the skins," said he, "have come for the sheep—they're gone." "Gone!" said I, "where?" "Most likely," replied he, "to —— Fair," "The fair—that's twelve miles off, Richard." "Yes, sir, and them as took 'em must have took 'em in a light cart, for two of 'em never could have gone there a-foot, and be sure they're at the fair at L—— by this time." Thus of my six ewes in lamb, I had not even a skin. I thought it right to send after them, and accordingly Richard went, and returned the night following with my four sheep. The thief, either finding them not marketable, or from fear or other cause, had abandoned them, and they were found about a mile from the town. "I've brought 'em back," said he, "but I doubt if two of 'em be worth the fetching!" The following day another died, and within a few days another. My six sheep were now reduced to two. Richard had no confidence in their looks, and said if one would lamb it would be lucky. After a time they did lamb, and here was a circumstance I thought very odd, one lambed a day or two before the other. "Well, Richard," said I, jokingly, "we have now three of 'em" "Your honor won't have 'em long," was the reply, and ere many hours the lamb died. In a day or two the other ewe lambed—two lambs. One was taken from her, and put to the ewe that had lost her lamb. She smelled at it, and kicked it away. It was then taken back to its own mother, but she would have nothing to do with it, butted at it, and sent it packing. They were all of them put into a small orchard; it was quite curious and sad to see the poor little thing run first to one then to the other, and be rejected by both. Here Richard showed his knowledge. He made a sort of coat of the dead one's skin, and put it on the rejected living—on the "*Disown'd.*" The creature took to it immediately. I had now two sheep and two lambs, for my purchase of six; then one of the sheep and one of the lambs got bad heads, and Richard pronounced their doom, and advised me to send them to the next fair—the lambs by this time were grown up to look as big nearly as their mothers—I took his advice, and to the fair he went with them, and brought me back £1, 3s. 8d,; a pretty business this was—keep thrown awoy—nearly all the purchase-money thrown away—nothing left but the remembrance of Richard's looks, sayings, and doings, which I doubt not, you, Eusebius, will think well worth the cost. I need not go on to tell you how the cow got staked, the horse wounded by a pick run into him at hay-making, how the sow devoured her young—these are minor annoyances. There were others much more serious, so that erelong I found my spirits flag; the love of farming, like most forced loves, departed from me, a general ennui came upon me. The "Majorque videri" came upon every trouble. I saw nothing in a pleasant light, for, as yet, I could not return to my former pursuits. The worst of care is, that it makes a man see, as it were, quite through the layer of pleasure and delight, that like a kindly atmosphere envelopes the world, down to the bare skeleton of things, and presents to the intellectual eye nothing but deformity. We become disenchanted, ungifted. As in the fabulous times, when gods mingled in the battles of men, there was a cloud removed from before the eyes of the heroes to enable them to see deities; so is it now removed by care to enable us to see devils. So much, Eusebius, are we deteriorated from the golden age. We are even beyond the iron—we live in an age of mud and ditch-water, which is continually stirred into horrible commotion and restlessness, by the tempests of our own wilful passions.

After that splenetic burst, let me shortly tell you how I came to give up the whole concern. I had no sooner bought my land, than the agitation of the corn-laws began. If successful, my land, I found, would inevitably go out of cultivation, perhaps the best thing that could befall it, while I continued to farm. The agitation would not be successful, said one, because the Premier thinks it madness and folly. "Very well," said I, "but he thinks the people's follies must be given into, and that modern ministers are not to govern, but be governed." "They wont ruin your land," said another—"but they are going to do it." said I. "There will be a revolution, if they do," said he. There was a man once, said I, condemned contrary to the opinion of his lawyer. They are going to hang me, said the unfortunate. No, they wont, said the lawyer. But they have condemned me, said the unfortunate criminal, and I am to be hanged on Monday. They dare not, said the lawyer. But they will, I tell you, said the condemned. Let me see them do it, said the lawyer; I wish they would that's all. Some such satisfactory result generally ended these discussions. I was like the man that said, if he had been bred a hatter, men would have come into the world without heads. I determined, therefore, to give up farming, before it gave me up. I determined to dispose of my foolish speculation, and have done so; yet, I cannot but tell you the last farming conversation between me and Richard. You know what a horrible season we have had. One day, as it was pouring rain, Richard said there was no help for it, but the—what shall we call it, what ought to have been hay, must be drawn into the yard, it was good for nothing but Muck. "It's terribly wet," says he—"and them oats is wet." "Ay, ay," said I, in disgust, "It's *all* wet, Richard, all wet, wet, wet." "No, your honor, quoth Richard, with his most exquisite look, "It ain't *all* wet, the *cow's dry!*"

My dear Eusebius, ever yours ——

Blackwood.

ON WASHING HORSES' LEGS, AND THE TREATMENT AFTER HUNTING.

In consequence of an observation in page 23 of the last Number, comparing the opinions which I have advanced in the preceding publication under the article on the "Condition of Hacks," and that of AMATEUR in his very able remarks, "How to buy a Horse," relative to the subject of washing the legs and feet of horses, I am induced to make a few comments, not with a desire of forcing my opinions on the public, or soaring to the self-important task of criticism—one which I have neither the vanity nor presumption to attempt; but having recommended a system which I have found and believe to be good, I am bound to vindicate it by the best reasons and proofs which I can adduce. It will be found, on reference to the October Number, that I recommend every horse should have his legs and feet well washed when he comes in from exercise; with this distinction—if his work has been severe, that warm water should be made use of; but if moderate, and only to that extent which has not produced strong perspiration, that cold should be employed as being more bracing to the parts; and in all instances, if bandages *can* be procured, that they should be immediately applied. As a matter of course when a horse is at home these necessary apparatus are at hand; but even when a horse is on a journey, and the ostler is not provided with them, I would rather have the legs and feet thoroughly cleaned, and trust to the rubbing them as dry as may be, rather than leave the wet mud and dirt to dry upon them, and form a crust under the hair. Moreover, I am quite convinced, if the horse comes into the stable with them wet from the state of the roads in rainy weather, that they will much sooner become dry and comfortable, even if left untouched afterwards, which however never should be the case: all the wisping, brushing, and hard rubbing, will never cleanse the leg so effectually as water. But I must still adhere to the necessity of using *warm* water and bandages after *severe* work on the road: after hunting it is indispensable. Having declared this much, I will still further explain my reasons, and conclude the subject by a few proofs which have fallen to my notice.

Every trainer is aware of the necessity of preparing a horse's legs to undergo the severe work which is required from them: for this reason I prefer the bracing effects of cold water when the animal has not been over-heated, and I know it is used in most of the first training stables in the kingdom; at least all which I have been in the habit of visiting, and I have had opportunities of observing the treatment of many. Warm water is of course used after sweating; but I know of no trainer who does *not wash his horse's legs at all*; and there appears to be less necessity for it with a race-horse, who in all probability does not go off the turf, than with a hunter or hack.

The smaller particles of dust and dirt which adhere to the skin, and which accumulate with the perspiration even in dry weather, but more especially in wet, and are retained by the hair on the legs, very materially retard the evaporation of insensible perspiration—a most important operation, upon which depend the healthy state and flexibility of the joints and sinews of which the limb is composed. Obstructed perspiration naturally promotes those unsightly and in many instances injurious appearances denominated windgalls.

I will appeal to any man who is in the habit of walking long distances, whether he does not find himself greatly refreshed, and better able to resume his exertions on the following day, by washing his legs and feet at the conclusion of his labor, than by merely encasing them in dry stockings. I frequently take long walks myself, and judge from the effects which I have experienced.

I previously mentioned having ridden a pony mare for thirteen successive years: she is now twenty-three years old, and alive and well, with a foal by her side, in the possession of a worthy maiden relative: her legs and feet are fresh and good; and I can safely assert that she never came in from a journey during the period which I rode her without having them washed either in warm or cold water, according to the state which she was in.

Having been always in the habit of riding long journeys, I have taken some pains to ascertain the best method of treating my hacks, and shall always be grateful for any hint which may enable me to improve upon a plan which I have been accustomed to observe, and proud to yield to any practice which I can consider more consistent than what I have adopted.

I can boast of having had several hacks, which have not only carried me well for a *day or two*, but which have continued to do so, and have still retained this freshness in the legs and feet, which, when once lost, is not easily recovered, and renders the animal very unsafe and unpleasant to ride. These are, I think, motives for continuing and recommending the system which I have found to answer.

On the day on which our late lamented Sovereign William the Fourth was buried, I rode a little horse I then had from London to Newmarket in very little more than six hours; he was not in the least distressed, and was as fresh on the following day as if he had been only ten miles instead of sixty. I do not mention this circumstance as any thing out of the common way in itself, but, combined with the subsequent work which he performed, tends to prove that I do not keep hacks to look at. I rode him from London to Doncaster in the succeeding month of September; thence to Heaton Park, and back again to London; immediately afterwards to Newmarket again, where I sold him for more than double what he cost me. The distance from London to Doncaster is one hundred and sixty miles; from that place to Manchester, the rendezvous for Heaton Park, fifty-four; thence to London one hundred and eighty-six; and to Newmarket sixty, amounting in the whole to four hundred and sixty-two miles, which, independent of thirteen days on race-courses, is pretty well for one month, which was about the time occupied. It is scarcely necessary to remark that his legs and feet were in a good state, or I should not have been able to have sold him so well.

I have now a mare in my possession whose legs are as fresh as when she was foaled, although in the spring she took me a distance of one hundred and forty miles to Epsom, on the race-course every day, and back again, and various journeys of from thirty to forty miles a-day during the summer. I should have observed that last winter I rode her as covert hack in Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, and Northamptonshire; and occasionally I rode her with hounds during the months of July, August, and September. She performed three journeys into South Wales and back, each of which averaged from two hundred and sixty to three hundred miles. I have, therefore, no cause to alter the plan which I have found to answer, more especially as I pride myself on the state of my horses' legs and feet.

As the treatment of horses is the subject of the present consideration, I will briefly explain how my hunters are managed when they return home. As soon as they enter the stable, a hood or light rug is thrown over the loins, attention being paid to put just enough clothing on to keep them warm without causing them to break out. The bridle is taken off, and the stirrup-leathers slipped off the bars for the purpose of keeping them in order: about half a bucket full of gruel, which has been well boiled, is then given—of course a little warm, or, as grooms term it, *chilled*; the mouth and nostrils are then cleansed with a sponge, and the head and ears dressed; during which operation a lock of dry hay is offered. The neck, shoulders, and mane are then attended to, brushed a little, and well wisped. The horses are then tied up, and a double handful of warm bran-mash is thrown into the manger. Their legs and feet are then put into a bucket of warm water, and thoroughly washed and bandaged: some more warm gruel is then given, the saddle taken off, the body wisped with dry straw, and the brush run over just to lay the coat: a damp wisp succeeds, and then the rubber: a sufficient quantity of clothing is then put on to keep them comfortably warm, a feed of corn is given, and, as soon as they have eaten it, their heads are unracked to allow them the liberty of a roll, which many horses like to indulge in; and if by so doing they have disarranged their clothing, it is put straight, the bandages are taken off the legs, and they are wiped with a rubber. If there appear any serious bangs or bruises on the legs, bandages dipped in hot water are applied, which are left on all night; otherwise I disapprove of bandages being left on unless for old horses with stale legs, in which case they should, as just observed, be saturated with hot water. Half a bucket of bran mash is then offered, in which I generally mix a wine-glass full of the spirits of nitre; a very little hay is given, and the horse is left to re.

I perfectly coincide with AMATEUR on the impropriety of teazing a horse by over-nicety in dressing him after hard work. Clean the rough dirt off him, and especially between the legs: clean his mouth, head, and ears, so as to insure his being comfortable, when the sooner he is left to himself the better. The able manner with which the subject "How to Buy a Horse" has been treated would quite disarm me from making any comment; but I feel so well convinced of the necessity of continuing my own plan, that I feel equally bound to recommend it: nevertheless, let every man who is a horse master judge for himself.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine. CECIL.

RELATIVE VALUE OF MARES AND HORSES,

AS DRAFT ANIMALS.

Mr. Editor—It is a fact not generally known, that there is a great difference in the value of horses and mares, as draft animals. If a mare has once been spoilt by awkward driving,—by being balked or frequently stalled,—she is never, or very rarely, cured of her bad habits—she can never again be relied on for a steady draft, either for the wagon or plough, so perverse are they in their natures! In the management of teams for some twenty or twenty-five years, I have never known of more than one instance of a mare's being spoilt, and afterwards reclaimed, and even that instance could not be cited as a steady nag. The most careful and skilful management will have little or no effect. But it is not so with the horse. I do not remember to have seen a single instance where the male of that species of which we are treating, has been judiciously managed, after being ever so badly spoilt, but that he was reclaimed, and where almost as much reliance was not to be placed in him, as when he was first hitched. *My* experience would go fully to establish the fact in my own mind, had I not the experience of others. Being a staunch advocate of domestic *manufactures*, as well *animate* as inanimate, I was disposed to keep more of the females of that species on my farm than of the male, because of the advantage of raising my own teams; but the universal awkwardness of negro drivers, added to the facility with which mares are rendered useless for the collar, by their being balked or stalled, had led me to abandon the plan of raising my own teams, and to prefer, (at least in a measure,) getting them from abroad. There are exceptions to this, as to every general rule—Where the mare is good tempered, docile and easy to manage, I believe them to be superior to the horse, for all purposes—Hence I would advise every one in purchasing horses, to select, (if he buy a mare,) only such as have either never been worked in harness, or, such as having been worked, have proved gentle and easy to be governed. My attention was first called to this subject many years since, by reading one of the tales of "the inimitable, though often imitated Miss Maria Edgeworth," as the celebrated John Randolph called her, (which said works, Mr. Editor, by the way, I must take the liberty of advising you to recommend to your young readers, as being more replete with sound morality and good sense, and as worth more for the advancement of children in honest straight-forward industry, and in general knowledge, than in all the balance of modern publications put together,)

But in this tale to which I was alluding, an Irish postillion is represented as being called on very suddenly to hitch up four poor, bony, galled jades, to an old chaise, whose wheels are none of them matches, but gathered indiscriminately from several old machines of a like character, that stood in the yard; but being hitched, and having taken in their lumber,—which consisted of a French cook, body servant, and other paraphernalia of an English Lord's travelling post,—the postillion cannot, for his life, induce his team to go forward—the far 'hind horse stands immovable except to kick—he halloes, the nag kicks! he whips, the nag kicks! till completely exhausted it ceases to kick or hold back, but stands perfectly passive—then he is represented as exclaiming, in a tone of the greatest exultation, "Well done, Knocky, 'tis I that can compass you! 'tis I that can compass any horse, let 'lone a mare, which this is, or t'would never be so obstinate." From this and similar scenes represented by her, we may infer that it was evidently the opinion of this acute and impartial observer of nature and nature's works, that, altho' she bestowed more patience and endurance of fatigue on some of her females, yet with these attributes, in very many instances, both in the brute and human creation, she bestowed also a vast portion of self-willed perverseness. And if further evidence was needed of the truth of my position as it regards the human family, we have innumerable instances in the writings of Walter Scott, and, indeed, in the Sacred Scriptures. Then why should not the position hold good as to the whole of nature's works? Entirely given up to "wassel, wine, and *women*," as Burns is supposed to have been, we should not consider him as one to whose judgment much confidence could be attached, when he says that Nature tried her "prentice hand on man, and then made the lassies, O!" Then as we began, we end, let all purchasers beware of such mares as have once been spoilt, or are vicious in their tempers! Yours, M.

American Farmer

Virginia, January 8th. 1840.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, La. -	J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Thursday, 23d Jan.
AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
BALTIMORE, Md. - -	Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th May.
FAYETTE, Mo. - - -	J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
IRWINTON, Ala. - - -	Harrison Course, J. C. Meeting 4th Tuesday in Feb.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
EW YORK CITY - - -	Union Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th May.
EW ORLEANS, La. -	Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th March.
" " "	" " Match, $1000 a side, P. P., Mile heats, between the 2 yr olds of Y. N. Oliver and Kenner & Chapman, Spring Meeting of 1840.
" " "	Louisiana Course, Match, $2000 a side, h. ft., Mile heats, between Mr. J. R. Grymes' 2 yr. old gr. Leviathan colt and J. F. Miller's *Fairly Fair*, Spring Meeting of 1840.
RALEIGH, N. C	Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
TRENTON, N.J. - -	Eagle Course. J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th May.
TUSCUMBIA, Ala. - -	Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
WASHINGTON CITY -	National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday 5th May.
WAYNESBORO', N.C.	Randolph Macon Course, J. C Sp'g Meeting, 2d Tuesday 14th April.

Stallions for 1840.

☞ *Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail (to the amount of Twenty dollars) in this paper, no charge will be made.*

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $75—$100, and $1 to the groom. O. P. Hare.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate by Catton, at L. J. Polk's farm, Maury Co., Tenn., 4 miles from Mt. Pleasant, at $60, $75, and $100, and $1 to the groom.

ARGYLE, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, at W.R. Smith's plantation, Laurens District, S. C., at $50.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Clarksville, Tenn., limited to 55 mares at $60 and $70. Address James McClure & Co.

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blackblock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Wm. P. Campbell, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRITIC, by Eclipse, dam by Eclipse Herod, at C. S. W. Dorsey's stable, 12 miles from Baltimore, Md., and 2 from Ellicott's Mills, at $40 and $60.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, the dam of Picton, etc., by Sir Archy, at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50. James B. Kendall.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at James Swanson's stable, near Franklin, Tenn., limited to sixty mares at $100.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at Halifax Court House, Va., at $100, and $1 to the groom. John Wimbish.

FOP, *Imported*, by Stumps, dam by Fitz James, at Col. F. C. H. Miller's, 2 m. from Chapel Hill, Marshall Co., Tenn., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. James Jackson.

GREY EAGLE, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, at Sidney Burbridge's stable, near Frankfort, Ky. He will be limited; terms hereafter.

HEDGFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie by Orville, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, Franklin Co., Ky., 7 miles from Frankfort, at $100.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, at the farm of George Fryer, near the Washington race Course, Charleston, S.C., at $40, and $1 to the groom.

IBRAHIM PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Bedouin Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $50 to insure

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at L. Y. Craig's stable, Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., at $100.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at Col. George Elliott's stable, Gallatin, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

MONARCH, *Imported*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodland's Estate, near Columbia, S.C., under direction of Wm. A. Stewart, at $100.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, at New Design, Twigg Co., Ky., at $60 and $80, and $1 to the groom Edmund Bacon.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford, at Duke W. Sumner's stable, Spring Grove, Tenn., 7 miles north of Nashville, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at Hector Bell's stable, Winchester, Va., at $60—$100, and $1 to the groom.

SARACEN, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at the stable of D. F. Winter, Belvidere, Warren County, N. J., at $10.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at E. H. Blackburn's, Woodford Co., Ky., between Lexington and Frankfort, at $100.

STEEL, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Constitution, at Col. Edmund Townes' stable, Granville County, N. C., at $60 and $100.

SHERIFF PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Syrian Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $75 to insure

SHADOW, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at N. B. Luse's Brick Stable, Morristown, N. J., near the Morris and Essex Rail Road, at $10.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at John A. Reedy's stable, Madison County, near Huntsville, Ala., at $50.

DUBLIN POLICE.

"A MODERN OTHELLO."

The board-room of this office, on Saturday last, was converted into an arena for the display of the most comical histrionic exhibition it has been our lot to witness. A young man, apparently about 25 years of age, whose appearance excited the surprise and wonder of the bystanders, was ushered into the board-room by a pair of constables. His face was partly blackened, his head was shrouded in a dirty shawl, evidently intended as a substitute for a turban—a pair of inexpressibles, a world too wide for his shrunk shanks, hung loosely about his attenuated limbs; and his upper garment consisted of an old cashmere cloak, through the upper apertures of which were thrust a pair of filthy-looking arms and hands, decorated at the wrist with brass bracelets; his feet were encased in plaid shoes, which completed the *tout ensemble* of this rather curious-looking being. On entering the room he gave a salaam to the magistrate according to the Moorish fashion, and then stood at the bar with his head projecting forward, and his chin resting on his breast. He was followed by two persons of different appearance. The elder was an old man, apparently about 70 years of age, and the younger was an interesting-looking girl of 18.—The old man appeared as complainant against the odd-looking personage. It appeared from his statement that the defendant was a member of an itinerant corps of players, who were in the habit of attending fairs and markets in several towns in the province. In the course of his peregrinations he became acquainted with the pretty young girl aforesaid, and induced her to take him "for better for worse." The father followed them to Dublin, and, after a great deal of trouble, succeeded in discovering their domicile in one of the most wretched of our suburbs. Through the instrumentality of the fair one the husband and sire became friends, and lived on very good terms up to the preceding night. A curious incident disturbed the family peace, and made a wreck of all their happiness. The defendant was in the habit of giving instructions to his wife in the histrionic art; but, unluckily, while rehearsing *Othello*, his enthusiasm in the murder scene carried him too far, and he would really and *bona fide* have smothered poor *Desdemona*, if her cries had not brought her father to her assistance, who rescued her from the hands of the angry Moor. The complainant also stated that the prisoner's name was Gaffney, but he became quite outrageous if he were called by that name, as he said his proper name was Garrick. In addition to this statement, the young woman protested to the Magistrate that her husband was very jealous, and that he was frequently talking about a "green-eyed monster" that seemed to give him a great deal of trouble.

Magistrate—What have you to say to this charge, Mr. Gaffney, or Garrick?

Defendant—Yes, you're right; Garrick is my name,

> "Most potent, grave, and reverend seignor,
> My very noble and approved good master,
> That I have ta'en away this good man's daughter
> Is true—true I have married her:
> The very head and front of my offending
> Hath this extent—no more!"

Magistrate—What have I to do with this nonsense?

Defendant—You'll see anon—

> "Rude am I in speech."

(A rather rude intimation from a constable to answer his Worship properly stopped the declaimer for a few minutes.) He then proceeded—

> "And little accustomed
> To the set phrase of peace"—

Magistrate—So it appears, you brute, or you would not attempt to smother your wife.—(Laughter.)

Defendant—

> "For since those arms of mine—
> Hath seven years' pith,
> Till now some nine moons wasted."

Magistrate—I fear your ill conduct will oblige me to put handcuffs on them.

Defendant—

> "They have used their dearest action
> In the tented field."

Magistrate—They will use their action in future in breaking stones in the bridewell.—(Laughter.)

Defendant—

> "Little can I grace my story
> By speaking of myself."

Magistrate—Indeed, I'm sure of that, for you appear to be a most disgraceful vagabond.—(Laughter.)

Defendant (with a peculiar expressive look towards his wife),

> "Oh, Desdemona, Desdemona!"—(Laughter.)

Complainant—We do not wish to punish him, your Worship, if he promises to behave himself in future.

Defendant (starting)—Has proud *Priuli's* heart relented?" Is he honest?—(Loud laughter.)

Magistrate—'Pon my word, I think he is a more honest man than you are. I must send you to prison.

Defendant—To a dungeon! I care not—

> "I had rather be the veriest toad
> That feeds upon the vapours of a dungeon,
> Than keep a corner in the thing I love
> For other's use."

Magistrate—Oh! the vile and sinful creature; remove him.

Defendant—

> "Then I car this from me to the senate,
> That when at Aleppo I met a turban'd Turk,
> And abused a Venetian,
> And traduced the senate,
> I seized by the throat"——

The defendant was prevented from further proceeding by the rude grasp of a constable, who "seized him by the throat," and removed him from the office.

AMERICAN

TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE

Vol. XI., No. 2.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1840.

THE FEBRUARY No. of this work was published on the 31st of Jan., from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street. This number is embellished with two very handsome Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, February 1, 1840.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 yrs. old, for $2000 each, half forfeit, or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three mile heats;* to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit within one month after notice of said declaration.

This Stake closed on the 1st of Jan last, with Fifteen subscribers, namely:—

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Jas. Jackson names ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight by Imp. Leviathan.
2. Saml. Ragland names b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Othella's dam.
3. T. Watson names names gr. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade.
4. Lucius J. Polk names ch. c. *Ambassador*, by Plenipo, out of Imp. Jenny Mills.
5. Rufus K. Polk names Imp. b. f. by The Colonel, out of Imp. Pledge.
6. Nich. Davis names ch. c. *Joe Bradley*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Design.
7. Jas. W. Camp names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Dancy by Timoleon.
8. E. H. Boardman names b. f. *Premium*, by Imp. Consol, out of an Imp. Woful mare.
9. Wm. H. Polk names Imp. ch. c. *John Blevins*, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Trinket.
10. Jesse Cage names gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Maria by Pacolet.
11. Geo. Elliott names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet.
12. Geo. W. Polk names Imp. b. f. *Daisy*, by Glaucus, out of Imp. Primrose.
13. Chas. Bosley & H. M. Clay name f. by Imp. Philip, out of Melzare's dam.
14. O. Towles names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Molly Long by Stockholder.
15. Wm. Wynn names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr.

THE TRIAL STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, at the October meeting of 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stake," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st of January, 1842; *Two mile heats;* to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

This Stake closed on the 1st of Jan. last, with Twenty-five subscribers, namely:—

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. James Jackson names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Gallopade.
2. Samuel Ragland names produce of Othello and Preston's dam by Roanoke.
3. T. Watson names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Pickle.
4. W. H. Boddie. Nomination not received.
5. L. P. Cheatham names produce of Imp. Priam and Isabella by Sir Archy.
6. Lucius J. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Imp. Jenny Mills.
7. Wm. H. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Imp. Trinket.
8. Rufus K. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Selia Burns by Stockholder.
9. N. Davis names produce of Count Badger and Imp. Design.
10. E. H. Boardman names produce of Imp. Consul and Imp. Plenty.
11. Also, produce of Imp. Consol and Sarah Bell by Sir Archy.
12. Jas. W. Camp names produce of Imp. Leviathan, and Vanity.
13. Hickman Lewis names produce of Imp. Luzborough, and Salome by Imp. Leviathan.
14. H. Dickinson names produce of Imp Leviathan and Mary Smith.
15. Geo. Elliott names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Hibernia.
16. Alex. Barrow names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Lilac by Imp. Leviathan.
17. T. Kirkman names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Gutty.
18. Wm Wynn names produce of Picton and Victoria.
19. Jno. C. Guild names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Proserpine.
20. Jno. C. Rogers names produce of Imp. Priam and Maria West
21. Isaac Lane and Jas. Kirkman name produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. ch. mare by Aaron, out of Imp. Schumla.
22. Also, produce of Imp. Glencoe and Harriet by Imp. Leviathan.
23. Thos. J. Hunt names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Black Bird by Arab.
24. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Priam and Bay Maria, sis. to Shark, etc.
25. Jno. S. Corbin names produce of Priam and Imp. My Lady, Passenger's dam.

HUGH KIRKMAN, Sec'y N. J. C.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 23, 1840.—[feb. 8]

VALUABLE IMPORTED RACING STOCK FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers to dispose of the following fashionably bred *imported* Stock at private sale, on reasonable times.

A *Chesnut mare*, coming 5 yrs., by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of the celebrated racer and stallion, *Sir Hercules*, and Capt. STOCKTON's imported horse *Langford*, so well known as a performer on the Northern Turf. This mare gave way in training, but was regarded by Col. HAMPTON, in whose stable she was, as a very superior animal. She has fine size, and will make a capital brood mare.

A *Chesnut filly*, coming 3 yrs., by Actæon, out of Ada (sister to Augusta, the dam of Ipsala) by Woful. She has fine size

A *Bay filly*, coming 3 yrs., by Emilius, out of Minerva by Merlin, her dam by Walton, out of Lisette by Hambletonian, etc. This filly has not been trained, but is of much promise.

These fillies were imported expressly for me by Col. HAMPTON, of Columbia, and comprise the most fashionable strains of blood on the Turf. Their extended pedigrees may be found on reference to the "English and American Stud Book," the "American Turf Register," and the "Spirit of the Times." The terms of the sale will be made easy. Address JAMES H. ADAMS.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 27, 1840.—[feb8]

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

TWO fine bitch pups of the celebrated St. Bernard breed, three months old, are for sale, at $20 each. Apply at this office. Feb. 8.

FOR SALE,

A FIRST RATE TRAINER, 27 years of age. Any person wishing to buy, may apply to J. S. Garrison, City Hotel, New Orleans, La., or Thos. Watson, Alabama Hotel, Mobile. Feb. 1.

SWEEPSTAKES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

A COPY from the "Sweepstakes Book" of *Union Course*, Long Island, of Stakes made and closed for the years 1840 and 1841.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., but if declared by 1st of March, 1840, then $50. Twenty-two subscribers, viz.:

1. Robt Tillotson names ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Polly Jones.
2. Also, produce of Garland and Henry.
3. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Imp. Barefoot.
4. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Barefoot.
5. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Barefoot.
6. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
7. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
8. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Imp. Trustee.
9. Also, produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
10. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
11. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
13. Also, produce of Mary Blunt's dam and Marion.
14. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
17. Nat. T. Green names produce of Aggy-down and Shark.
18. C. P. Green names produce of Calliope and Shark.
19. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Maria West and Imp. Shakspeare.
20. W. Livingston names full brother to Dosoris.
21. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
22. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn and Imp. Trustee.
2. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
5. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
6. Alex. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Romp and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Three subscribers, viz.:

1. Asher P. Hamlin names ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dame Quickly.
2. Wm. Gibbons names ch. f. *Fairy*, by Henry, out of Firefly by Imp. Barefoot.
3. John D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.

Second Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. The second in last heat to receive back his stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. John P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam and Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James and Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
6. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Garland and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Geranium and Imp. Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Imp. Barefoot.
9. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
10. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.
11. I. S Snedecor names produce of Blank and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
13. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
14. Also, produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Monmouth's dam and Imp. Trustee.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Imp. Barefoot.
17. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Henry.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Plenipo.
19. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1841—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; if declared by January, 1840, then $100. The 2d horse in first heat to draw his stakes, if not afterwards distanced, and if so, then the 3d in first heat, provided five start. Sixteen subscribers, viz.:

1. Walter Livingston names produce of Sport's-mistress and Imp. Trustee.*
2. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Trustee.
3. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Imp. Trustee.*
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
5. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Priam.
6. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Priam.
7. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Imp. Trustee.
8. J. H. Van Mater names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp. Valentine.
9. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Trustee.
10. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Trustee.
11. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Monmouth Eclipse.
12. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Monmouth Eclipse.
13. Alfred J. Vaughan names produce of his Shylock mare and Andrew.
14. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Shark.
15. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Diana and Dr. Syntax.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Garland and Imp. Trustee.

Union Course, Long Island, Jan. 23, 1840.—[j25-3t] * Forfeit declared.

Spring, 1840, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Spring, 1840, for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race, and second best to draw his stakes if four start. To name and close 1st of April next.

Fall, 1840, for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Fall, 1840, for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race, and second best to draw his stakes if four start. To name and close 1st of April next.

Spring, 1841, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, confined to the get of Trustee, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; four or more to make a race. To name and close 7th of June, 1840. Now four subscribers.

Fall, 1841, for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., declaration of $50 forfeit by the 1st of Jan., 1841; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped 1840, to run Spring 3 years old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., declaration of forfeit $50, by the 1st of January, 1843; four or more to make a race. To close 7th of June, 1840.

In addition to the above, stakes are open for all ages, both Spring and Fall. Gentlemen wishing to make nominations will please address "To the Secretary of the New York Jockey Club, New York City."

New York, Feb. 6, 1840.—[feb8]

CANADIAN TROTTING STALLION WANTED.

A LIBERAL price will be paid for a handsome CANADIAN STALLION, which is wanted to breed from. He must have fine action, and be able to trot a mile in 2:50. The advertiser is indifferent to color, but requires that the horse shall be at least fifteen hands high.

Apply to JOHN TAYLOR, 72 Beaver Street, New York City. Feb. 8—4t*

BROOD MARES FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has in Kentucky two fine brood mares, both having had colts by Mingo, and both again in foal by him. They accompanied him when sent to that State, and it was the intention of the undersigned to keep and breed from them so long as Mingo remained in Ky. As it will be impossible to get them back to Pennsylvania before the Fall, the subscriber is induced to offer them for sale. To Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, near Lexington, on the Maysville road, and Mr. J. HOWARD SHEFFER, of Childsburg, Fayette County, reference may be made for price, terms, &c. The pedigrees of the mares are annexed:—

DUCHESS OF BERRY, a bay mare, by John Richards, bred by me, foaled on the 21st day of June, 1830. Her dam a chesnut mare, Grand Duchess, by Gracchus, (he by Imp. Diomed,) bred by the late John Randolph, Esq., of Roanoke, Virginia, and foaled in 1814; her dam, the English imported mare Duchess, bred by the Duke of Grafton, got by Grouse (son of Highflyer, out of Georgiana, own sister to Conductor, by Matchem,) her dam by Magnet, (son of King Herod,) great grandam (sister to Johnny) by Matchem, (son of old Cade;) g. g. grandam by Babraham (son of Godolphin Arabian;) g. g. g. grandam by Croft's old Partner (son of Jig): g. g. g. g. grandam by Bloody Buttocks (called also the Speedy Stallions, a favorite in Mr. Croft's stud at Barforth;) her dam by Greyhound, out of Brocklesby Betty, ("the best runner of her day,") who was got by the Curwen Bay Barb, out of Mr. Leed's Hoby mare, by the Lister Turk.

The above mare produced a bay colt by Mingo, Spring of 1839, and is again with foal by him. She is very handsome, of fair size, lengthy, healthy, and a sure breeder. Her colt by Mingo is uncommonly handsome, and at seven months old he measured, by an accurate standard, 13 hands and over 2 inches high. In form he is symmetrical.

A CHESNUT MARE, six years old, by Mambrino (he by American Eclipse.) Her dam by Col. Thomas Minor's Escape, he by Imp. Escape; (see Horns, English Stud Book, Vol. I., page 482;) his dam Miss Marske, by Imp. Bedford; her dam the imported mare Gasteria, by Balloon (see English Stud Book); Escape or Horns was by Precipitate, out of a full sister of the imported horse Buzzard. Gasteria was by Balloon, her dam by Marske, grandam Cremona, by Regulus Traveller—Bip—Snake; imported by Col. Hoomes, of Va. The Chesnut mare's grandam Young Adeline (bred, I believe, by Col. Tayloe,) by Topgallant, g. grandam Adeline (Col. Tayloe's, that won ten races out of eleven, most of them four mile heats, against capital horses,) by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by Whistle Jacket, g. g. g. grandam by old Rockingham, g. g. g. g. grandam by old Cub, g. g. g. g. g. grandam the famous old Lady Northumberland.

This mare produced a chesnut colt by Mingo, Spring of 1839, very strong, and very handsome, and she is again with foal by the same horse. She is of fair size, roomy, healthy, and a sure breeder. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 27, 1840—[feb1]

TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thoroughbred, but they must be at least 15½ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be preferred; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters containing a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

NEW ORLEANS RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE New Orleans Races, over the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Wednesday, the 18th of March next, and continue one week. The purses, which will as usual be liberal, will be made known hereafter. Y. N. OLIVER.

New Orleans, Jan. 6, 1840.—[jy18]

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

FOR SALE,

THE well-known Trotting horse AWFUL. For particulars apply at the New York Hippona, 65 and 67 Watt street. CODDINGTON & McMANUS.

New York, December 28, 1839.

DOGS FOR SALE.

A DOG and Bitch of the King Charles breed of Spaniels, two months old. Enquire at the bar of the Franklin Coffee House, Maiden Lane. Jan.25-3t*

SWEEPSTAKES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

A COPY from the "Sweepstakes Book" of *Union Course*, Long Island, of Stakes made and closed for the years 1840 and 1841.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., but if declared by 1st of March, 1840, then $50. Twenty-two subscribers, viz.:

1. Robt. Tillotson names ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Polly Jones.
2. Also, produce of Garland and Henry.
3. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Imp. Barefoot.
4. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Barefoot.
5. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Barefoot.
6. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
7. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
8. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Imp. Trustee.
9. Also, produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
10. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
11. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
13. Also, produce of Mary Blunt's dam and Marion.
14. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
17. Nat. T. Green names produce of Aggy-down and Shark.
18. C. P. Green names produce of Calliope and Shark.
19. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Maria West and Imp. Shakspeare.
20. W. Livingston names full brother to Dosoris.
21. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
22. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn and Imp. Trustee.
2. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
5. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
6. Alex. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Romp and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Three subscribers, viz.:

1. Asher P. Hamlin names ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dame Quickly.
2. Wm. Gibbons names ch. f. *Fairy*, by Henry, out of Firefly by Imp. Barefoot.
3. John D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.

Second Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. The second in last heat to receive back his stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. John P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam and Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James and Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
6. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Garland and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Geranium and Imp. Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Imp. Barefoot.
9. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
10. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.
11. I. S Snedecor names produce of Blank and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
13. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
14. Also, produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Monmouth's dam and Imp. Trustee.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Imp. Barefoot.
17. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Henry.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Plenipo.
19. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1841—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; if declared by January, 1840, then $100. The 2d horse in first heat to draw his stakes, if not afterwards distanced, and if so, then the 3d in first heat, provided five start. Sixteen subscribers, viz.:

1. Walter Livingston names produce of Sport's-mistress and Imp. Trustee.*
2. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Trustee.
3. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Imp. Trustee.*
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
5. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Priam.
6. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Priam.
7. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Imp. Trustee.
8. J. H. Van Mater names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp. Valentine.
9. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Trustee.
10. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Trustee.
11. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Monmouth Eclipse.
12. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Monmouth Eclipse.
13. Alfred J. Vaughan names produce of his Shylock mare and Andrew.
14. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Shark.
15. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Diana and Dr. Syntax.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Garland and Imp. Trustee.

Union Course, Long Island, Jan. 23, 1840.—[j25-3t] * Forfeit declared.

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a rece; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given.

WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor*.

Washington, D C., Dec. 10, 1839.—[dec14]

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 10th March, 1840, and continue five days.

Great Four mile Sweepstakes.—On the first day, the one preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, will be run a great Four mile Sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $1000 each $250 ft., and to which the proprietor will add a splendid Silver Cup, valued at $500. To name and close on or before 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. The following have already subscribed:—

R. H. Long. Wm. G. Haun. T. Watson.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on or before the 1st Feb., 1840.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a subscription of $25 each, Mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake, free for all ages, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, P. P. To close on or before the 1st March, 1840.

☞ Entries for the above stakes may be forwarded to the Secretary or Proprietor.

The ensuing Spring Meeting promises to prove of most unusual attraction.

☞ Five or six of the best stables in the South West will winter in Mobile, and thus insure a large field for every race. The stakes are numerous and varied, the purses large, and the known excellence and quickness of the course will naturally attract vast numbers of horses to compete for them, thus ensuring fame and profit to the winners, with sport and excitement to the public.

DAVID STEPHENSON, *Proprietor*.

F. K. West, *Secretary*. Dec. 28.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Seven subscribers, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Imp. Leviathan.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.
6. Balie Peyton names produce of Black Maria and Imp. Leviathan.
7. John R. Grymes names produce of Susan Yandell and Imp. Leviathan. [j18]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

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TO THE COCKERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Cockers of Hagerstown, Washington County, and State of Maryland, will close a main of cocks between this date and the first day of March next, for $2500 the odd fight, against any party that will plank up, to shew 31 cocks, from 4.12 to 6.4—forfeit $1000, the forfeit to be placed in any solvent bank in the United States. To fight any established rules the opposing party may name.

The Main to be fought at Hagerstown. For further particulars, direct to

J. H. RAGAN, Hagerstown, Md

Jan. 11.

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor*

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *Eagle Course*, at the Spring Meeting of 1840, which will commence on Tuesday, May 26, which is the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden races.

No. 1. A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of April.

No. 2. A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

No. 3. A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds that never won, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 30, 1840.—[feb1]

VALUABLE LANDS IN ARKANSAS FOR SALE.

I WILL sell on accommodating terms, and long credit, the following lands, viz.: an undivided half of—

1. The N. ½ of Sec. 32 T. 12 N. R. 4 W. containing 320 acres.
2. S. W. fl. ¼ (S. of W. R.) of Sec. 28 " 135 "
3. S. E. fl. ¼ (S. of Sloo) " Sec. 29 " 74 "

These lands lie in the Oil Trough Bottom, and are of the finest quality—Tracts No. 1 and 3 are better known as the "Manly place,"—Tract No. 2 is the one on which John W. Childress, Esq. now resides.

4. N. W. ¼ of Sec. 1 11 N. 4 W. Oil Trough—superior land, 160 acres.
5. S. W. ¼ " " 1 " " " "
6. S. W. ¼ " " 3 " " " "
7. W. ½ 32 10 N. 7 W. on Little Red River,—part of this tract first rate, 320 6 Lots in "Noland's addition" to the Town of Batesville, lying immediately in rear of Wm. Dickinson's premises.

Also, some superior, well bred brood mares, with Volcano, and Tom Fletcher foals.

C. F. M. NOLAND.

Batesville, Arks., Dec. 14th, 1839—[feb1]

RALEIGH (N. C.) STATE COURSE.

THE SPRING RACES over the *State Course*, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, the 28th of April next.

No 1. Sweepstake for Spring of 1840. for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.

J. McLeod. Hugh Rogers. David McDaniel. Maj. N. T. Green.

No. 2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

No. 3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st of March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now eight subs., viz.:

John White. Jno. C. Rogers. Robt. Chapman, }
Thos. W. Rainey. David McDaniel. by N. T. Green. }
Abner Robertson. W. B. Cunningham. Wm. Townes.

No. 4. For Spring Meeting of 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Polk names Imp. ch f. *Varielletta*, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Variella.
2. Nathl. T. Green names —— by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Duane's dam.
3. J. C. Rogers names b. c. *Philo Alston*, by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Rowland by Tariff.
4. David McDaniel names ch. c *Inca*, by Andrew, out of Vashti's dam.
5. W. McCargo names ch. c. by Prophet, out of sister to Fanny Hill (Chas. Charter's d.)
6. Col. Wade Hampton names b. c. *Ruby*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Bay Maria, own sister to Black Maria and Shark.
7. O. P. Hare names —— by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Pera.
8. W. H. E. Merritt and Jas. French name gr. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Andrewetta's d.

No. 5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Delphine and Imp. Hibiscus.
2. Also, produce of Charlotte Russe and Imp. Priam.
3. J. M. Bryant names produce of Martha Leith by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Leviathan.
4. J. C. Rogers names produce of Polly Peachem by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
5. David McDaniel names produce of Lady Biller by Marion, and Imp. Priam.
6. Jno White (of Jackson, N. C.)
7. P. A. Prindle names produce of Aggy-down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
8. R. B Cunningham names produce of Lady Mayo by Van Tromp, and Imp. Rowton.
9. Geo. Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy and Imp. Priam.
10. David McDaniel names produce of a Napoleon mare and Imp. Priam.
11. Jas. W. Williamson names produce of a Sir Archy mare and Benbow.
12. P. M. Bryant and Jos. Bryant name produce of Grey Momus' dam by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. J. W. Williamson and Capt. Eubanks name produce of Sally Eubanks and Imp. Priam.
14. W. H. E. Merritt & Brother name produce of Sophia and Imp. Priam.
15. Wm. McCargo names produce of Fanny Hill (Chas. Carter's dam) and Imp. Priam.

No. 6. Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now two subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840.

DAVID McDANIEL.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 24, 1840.—[feb1]

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC.

VERY valuable Property in the City of Raleigh and its vicinity, for sale—FINE BLOOD STOCK, &c.

The subscriber, finding it impossible from his extensive engagements in another State, to devote that time and attention to his business here, requisite to its being properly conducted, offers for sale or rent THE EAGLE HOTEL, in the City of Raleigh, at present occupied by him. The Hotel, as every one knows, acquainted with it, is as desirable property as can be owned, if the Proprietor can give his personal attention to it. It is now thoroughly furnished, and the purchaser or lessee could take immediate possession. Few situations in the United States offer so fine a chance for the profitable investment of money.

Also, a Lot of Ground, containing Six Acres, with a new Dwelling, Stone Stable, and Barn.

Also, a Plantation on Crab Tree Creek, within 2¼ miles of Raleigh, containing 678 Acress, and including all necessary buildings for a comfortable residence.

Also, 50 Acres of Wood Land, about four miles from the city, lying near the old Hillsboro' Road.

The above property will be sold on accommodating terms. Persons desirous of owning the whole, or any part thereof, are requested to make early application.

The subscriber also offers for sale the whole of his valuable stock of BLOOD HORSES as follows, viz:

No. 1. *Maria West*, dam of Wagner and Fanny, foaled in 1827, by Marion, dam by Imp. Citizen, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Trial Stake, Nashville, Tenn., $1000 each, to be run the day previous to the Peyton Stake; also, in the great Produce Stake, to be run over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, $5000 entrance, four mile heats, Fall of 1843; already five subscribers.

No. 2. *Polly Peachem*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance, foaled in 1828, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Produce Stake, 1843, mile heats, to be run over the State Course near Raleigh, $1000 entrance; also, at Newmarket, Va., $1000. The number of the subscribers to these Stakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times" soon after January.

No. 3. *Mary Blunt*, ch. m. by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, foaled in 1833.

No. 4. *Lady Roland*, b. m. by Tariff, dam by Ball's Florizel, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 5. *Mary Ann*, b m. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 6. *Lady Chesterfield*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Arab, her dam by Imp. Knowsby, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 7. *Lama*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Buzzard, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 8. A Dun Mare, foaled in 1832, by Sir Charles, in foal by Red Wasp.

No. 9. One half ch. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of No. 1, 3 years old—half owned by Col. HAMPTON, of South Carolina, and now in his possession.

No. 10 *Dolly Thorpe*, b. f. 2 yr. old, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of No. 2—won her Sweepstakes over the State Course near Raleigh, nine subscribers, $200 each.

No. 11. *Rail Road*, gr. c. 2 years old, by Imp. Felt, dam by Young Friday.

No. 12. Half of b. f. *Fanny Dingle*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, foaled in 1837—the other half owned by Maj. Thos. Doswell, Hanover county, Va.

No. 13. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 4—engaged at Newmarket, Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each; also, at the State Couse, $1000 each. See Spirit of the Times, after January 1st, for number of entries.

No. 14. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Lyman, out of No. 5—engaged at Newmarket Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each, Spring 3 yr. olds.

No. 15. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Andrew, out of No. 1—engaged in the great Peyton Stake for $150,000, and is considered one of the most promising entries in the Stake.

No. 16. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 5.

No. 17. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 6.

The whole of the above Stock of Blood Horses will be sold at Public Sale, on the 1st day of July next, in the City of Raleigh if not privately sold before that time.

Applications, personally or by letter, can be made, until the day of sale, at Raleigh, N. C.

J. C. ROGERS.

Raleigh, Jan. 1, 1840.—[jan25]

BROOD MARES FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has in Kentucky two fine brood mares, both having had colts by Mingo, and both again in foal by him. They accompanied him when sent to that State, and it was the intention of the undersigned to keep and breed from them so long as Mingo remained in Ky. As it will be impossible to get them back to Pennsylvania before the Fall, the subscriber is induced to offer them for sale. To Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, near Lexington, on the Maysville road, and Mr. J. HOWARD SHEFFER, of Childsburg, Fayette County, reference may be made for price, terms, &c. The pedigrees of the mares are annexed:—

DUCHESS OF BERRY, a bay mare, by John Richards, bred by me, foaled on the 21st day of June, 1830. Her dam a chesnut mare, Grand Duchess, by Gracchus, (he by Imp. Diomed,) bred by the late John Randolph, Esq., of Roanoke, Virginia, and foaled in 1814; her dam, the English imported mare Duchess, bred by the Duke of Grafton, got by Grouse (son of Highflyer, out of Georgiana, own sister to Conductor, by Matchem,) her dam by Magnet, (son of King Herod,) great grandam (sister to Johnny) by Matchem, (son of old Cade;) g. g. grandam by Babraham (son of Godolphin Arabian;) g. g. g. grandam by Croft's old Partner (son of Jig): g. g. g. g. grandam by Bloody Buttocks (called also the Speedy Stallions, a favorite in Mr. Croft's stud at Barforth;) her dam by Greyhound, out of Brocklesby Betty, ("the best runner of her day,") who was got by the Curwen Bay Barb, out of Mr. Leed's Hoby mare, by the Lister Turk.

The above mare produced a bay colt by Mingo, Spring of 1838, and is again with foal by him. She is very handsome, of fair size, lengthy, healthy, and a sure breeder. Her colt by Mingo is uncommonly handsome, and at seven months old he measured, by an accurate standard, 13 hands and over 2 inches high. In form he is symmetrical.

A CHESNUT MARE, six years old, by Mambrino (he by American Eclipse.) Her dam by Col. Thomas Minor's Escape, he by Imp. Escape; (see Horns, English Stud Book, Vol. I., page 482;) his dam Miss Marske, by Imp. Bedford; her dam the imported mare Gasteria, by Balloon (see English Stud Book); Escape or Horns was by Precipitate, out of a full sister of the imported horse Buzzard. Gasteria was by Balloon, her dam by Marske, grandam Cremona, by Regulus—Traveller—Hip—Snake; imported by Col. Hoomes, of Va. The Chesnut mare's grandam Young Adeline (bred, I believe, by Col. Tayloe,) by Topgallant, g. grandam Adeline (Col. Tayloe's, that won ten races out of eleven, most of them four mile heats, against capital horses,) by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by Whistle Jacket, g. g. g. grandam by old Rockingham, g. g. g. g. grandam by old Cub, g. g. g. g. g. grandam the famous old Lady Northumberland.

This mare produced a chesnut colt by Mingo, Spring of 1839, very strong, and very handsome, and she is again with foal by the same horse. She is of fair size, roomy, healthy, and a sure breeder.

C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 27, 1840—[feb1]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.

2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.

3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.

4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.

5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.

SAML. SPRIGG.

Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21]

RACING STABLE FOR SALE.

IN consequence of ill health, which renders it impossible for me to devote my attention to the management of the training stable; I will offer at Public Sale (if not privately disposed of) at the St. Charles Exchange Hotel, New Orleans, on the day previous to the Spring Meeting of 1840, the following blood stock. The terms will be made known on the day of sale.

1. Ch. h. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.
2. Gr. f. *Queen of Trumps*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.
3. Ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs.
4. Ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Imp Pickle, 3 yrs.
5. Ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Oscar, 3 yrs.
6. B. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.

Persons wishing to purchase at private sale will please address to me at Mobile, where the horses can be seen until a few days previous to the sale.

THOS. WATSON.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 26, 1839.—[jan18]

IRWINTON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Races over the *Harrison Course*, near Irwinton, Ala., will commence on the 4th Tuesday in February, 1840, and continue five days; free for all horses. The Purses, which will be good, will be hung up at the Stand, each day, in *State money*.

C. SPROWL, *Proprietor*.

Irwinton, Ala., 21st Dec., 1839—[jan4-5t]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany.

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7] WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent*.

BELSHAZZAR.

THIS splendid English Stallion will make his present season (1840) at the stable of the subscriber, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 the season, and $125 to insure; with $1 cash to the groom, in every case. The season will commence 15th February, and expire 1st July. All persons who may patronise him are requested before the season closes, to execute their notes, payable 1st January, 1841; at which time the money for his services will be due. For the insurance, the money will be claimed as soon as the mare is ascertained to be in foal, or transferred. Mares entrusted to my care, will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain, at $1,25 per week; and every attention paid to insure their being in foal; also to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

Belshazzar is a rich chesnut, with no white except a small star, and a little white on his off hind foot; full 16 hands high, of fine length and reach, head and neck of such exquisite form and beauty, as to please the most captious and fault-finding; a shoulder resembling English Eclipse's, (one of his renowned ancestors,) very extensive and well placed back, and loin truly fine; limbs as clean and flinty as those of the deer, and a silky coat of hair. Take him altogether, he is a horse of high racing form, and is remarkable for his gaiety, beauty, and symmetry; and need only to be looked upon, to be admired.

For further information as to pedigree and performances, reference is made to the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, page 154, of the March No., 1839.

Jan. 11.—[t1my] WM. P. CAMPBELL, Agent for the owners.

IMPORTED HIBISCUS.

WILL make his next season at the Farm near the Washington race Course, Charleston, South Carolina, and will be put to mares at $40 the season, and $1 to the groom, to be paid in every instance before the mares are served.

Hibiscus is a beautiful bay, without white, 15 hands 3 inches high, of great length, and fine action. He was bred by Lord Exeter, and was foaled in 1834; he was got by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, out of Moses' dam by Gohanna, out of Grey Skin by Woodpecker—Herod, &c. His sire, Sultan, ranked higher in England than any stallion of his day in the kingdom, and his dam unites most of the favorite crosses of this country, as her pedigree will show. For particulars see Racing Calendar of 1837 and '38.

The season will commence on the 1st of February, and end on the 1st of July. Mares will be well fed at 50 cents per day, and separate lots provided for such as have young foals. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility should any occur.

Hibiscus is a horse of the purest pedigree, and in high racing form, exceedingly handsome, and the low price at which his services are offered to the public, will, it is hoped, insure him a liberal patronage. For particulars address his proprietor at the Queen st stables, Charleston.

[Jan.11] GEORGE FRYER.

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1½ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above—
AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. ACHMED EL EBAB.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN,
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. WADE HAMPTON'S Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N. B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price. Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

FRANKLIN HOTEL, TUSCUMBIA, Ala.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has opened the above establishment for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen. A share of the custom of the travelling community is solicited.

Dec. 28. L. G. GARRETT, *Proprietor*.

S. J. SYLVESTER'S

STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, is *not* removed, but continues at 22 Wall Street and 130 Broadway, at which office he has been established for the last 15 years.

Uncurrent Money taken at the lowest market rates, and if sent from abroad, proceeds can be drawn at sight, or remittance will be returned according to instructions.

Collections—Notes and Drafts collected on all parts of the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

Drafts at sight for £5 and upwards, payable on any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can always be obtained, as also Bills on Paris and Hamburg, or persons at a distance have only to remit the amount to S. J. Sylvester, with instructions, to ensure prompt attention.

Bills of Exchange, Bank of England notes, and all descriptions of Foreign Gold bought at the highest price.

Stocks, Corporation Bonds, and other secuties bought and sold. All communications must be addressed to

S. J. SYLVESTER,
130 Broadway and 22 Wall street.

Dec. 28.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to the Union.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Feb. 8—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S Benefit; THE IRISH WIDOW; Widow Brady, Mrs. Fitzwilliam—FOREIGN AIRS AND NATIVE GRACES; Susan Acorn, Mrs. Fitzwilliam—THE MIDDY ASHORE; Harry Halcyon, Mrs. Fitzwilliam—and MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

MONDAY, Feb. 10—Last night but three of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S engagement; THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER and MAIDENS BEWARE; Widow Cheerly and Mad. Rosalie, by Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

TUESDAY, Feb. 11—Last night but two of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S engagement; AS YOU LIKE IT and THE WIDOW WIGGINS, Rosalind and The Widow, Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 12—Ticket Night, and last night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S engagement.

THURSDAY, Feb. 13—Last night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S engagement.

ERIDAY, Feb. 14—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S Benefit, and last appearance, prior to her departure for the South.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—It is understood that Wednesday, the 19th instant, has been fixed upon for a benefit to Mr. SIMPSON, the manager of the Park Theatre. The occasion will be a grateful one to all parties. At this moment no name can be put up for the theatrical suffrages of our citizens, which will enlist a larger number of adherents. The character which Mr. Simpson has sustained through a long career of management, has won for him many friends, even in circles little inclined to theatrical amusements. On his benefit night, such will come forward and join those customary play-goers who have more immediate reason for paying this tribute of respect.

Notwithstanding the unprecedented severity of the times, the Park theatre would seem to have a chance of getting through the remainder of the season without loss—which can be said of scarcely any other pursuit. That it may be thus successful, is desired on all hands, but it would be idle to deny that unusual exertions will be necessary to accomplish this end. Not only must we have the attraction of great names, but a succession of varieties, to call out the public. And not this only, but several reforms are called for upon the stage itself, to effect which, a liberal expenditure will in the end prove to be the greatest prudence. We have given admission, greatly to our inconvenience, to an article on this point, from the pen of one who calls himself an unpractised writer, but who is known to us as a warm friend of the Park, and a constant attendant. His suggestions, whether judicious or otherwise, are made in the kindest spirit, and we hardly need say that a communication in a different one, would not at this moment find admission in the "Spirit of the Times." Since the season has thus far been disastrous, and there is little prospect of a change, save by a change of measures, it is worth while to *consider* any proposition, which, acted upon, *may* lead to a favourable result.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam opened on Monday night, and has been playing through the week to thin houses. The sleighing has been too fine for her. Mrs. Bradshaw and "Uncle John R." just at this moment holding forth inducements irresistible to a New Yorker, who has upon an average but a week of good sleighing in a year. Her benefit takes place to-night, when we hope to see fuller boxes. It is not worth while to speak of the manner in which she has been playing; as usual, it has been gay and effective. "Foreign Airs and Native Graces," pleases more upon each repetition, being quite the best thing brought out this season. If Mrs. F. have a budget of novelties in store for us, now is the time to give them. "Money is tight," and people must get its worth in care-dispelling mirth, or, *certes*, they will remain at home.

The Olympic.—MITCHELL has brought out another clever burlesque, entitled the "Revolt of the Poor House," in which Mrs. BAILEY, the Manager, and Horncastle, enact prominent parts. It is musical of course, hitting off several of the favourite National theatre operas with great effect. *Moll Chubb*, "a burst up Fish-woman and commander in chief of the female revolters," is Mitchell's part—how he looks it and plays it, only those who have seen him in the "Roof Scrambler" can imagine. The songs of Mrs. Bailey are well worth the trifling charge for admission here; she never sang more charmingly.

Mr. Horncastle is to go South with the Seguins, and it is said his place is to be supplied by Mr. EDWIN, of the Park. This company is half composed of its Park recruits, and it would be unjust not to mention now one of them. JOHNSON, is fulfilling the promise which he gave in the *Artful Dodger*. His *Mahomet Muggins*, "the master of the Poor House," and *his* Hamlet, are very fine.

The business at the Olympic is excellent, the house has been full every night. It is somewhat singular that the large theatres should have found their most serious rival in this little establishment.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS.

PHILADELPHIA, January 3d, 1840

Friend P.—In your valuable paper, which, by the way, I receive regularly, you say very little about our city. Would you like to know what we are about? Theatricals here are very dull—a prevalent cause of complaint among managers throughout the Union. The novelty of the drama seems to have passed away, and the spirit of the immortal bard is absent from the temples. I have taken some pains to trace out the cause, and I do confess to you secretly, candidly, and unwillingly, that I am still in the dark. The state of the money market no doubt operates somewhat against it; but if I might have an opinion, I would say there has been too much humbug afloat in the theatrical market. A good regular stock company is used up by what are technically termed Stars! By this innovation on the regular routine of business, superior talent is oftentimes compelled to play second fiddle to ignorance, folly, and presumption.

Another cause is the inducement held out to "over-the-water" *artistes*, who come among us unheralded from the ranks of an English stock company—make their appearance in some favorite character here, are not, by the strict rules of censorship and criticism, hissed off; thus they establish themselves, as it were, upon the leniency of the American people, and they "go ahead" on the star system. The writer of this was threatened by several *humbugs* for the expression of his sentiments; the press was silent, but his voice was heard. If there is no other way to put down humbug, I will get up in the box and make a speech direct to the people. The state of the drama, the characters of our own actors require it, and as the old Down Easter said when his schooner struck upon a rock—"—— ——, something must be done, or we will sink!"

The Chesnut-street theatre is graced with that excellent actress ("*no humbug dar'*," as Sambo would say) Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; she is the only female I ever saw or read of who could embody in her impersonation of characters the richness and broad humor of low comedy. She is a sure card; and in speaking of this talented actress, we throw all the prejudice of our nature aside, and say, true genius knows no country: like truth, it is immaculate, and must prevail.

They have some good actors and actresses at the Chesnut-street, *but no low comedian.* The Walnut-street theatre, under the able management of WEMYS, has a much better general stock company than the Chesnut, nor do I believe, if you take man for man, woman for woman, child for child, painter for painter, machinist for machinist, there is its equal in the country. W. E. BURTON is the favorite of play-goers, but strange to say, he has no engagement at either house. Why is this? Burton reminds me strongly of GEORGE HOLLAND, of the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, with this difference, however, that which in Holland is natural, in Burton is forced; Holland will make you laugh when he is disposed to be serious—Burton labors hard when disposed to be facetious. Burton is a man of some talent for a pecular kind of writing—George Holland is a man of some talent for a peculiar nack of making money.

HADAWAY, of the Walnut-street theatre, is in reality a better low comedian than Burton. This is high treason to the favorite—*but them's my sentiments.*

The Philadelphia Museum is quite a fashionable place of amusement. I was there the other night, when there must have been at least two thousand persons present. The Chinese selection of rare things, in the lower room of the same building, is the greatest curiosity in the city or country.

The Circus, the company of which is excellent, is crowded nightly.

There are a thousand things, friend Porter, I would like to touch upon, but as I am not a thousand miles off, I can resume the subject if you think this worthy your perusal, or that of your numerous readers.

I cannot, however, close this letter without naming our lamented and mutual friend, H. J. FINN, Esq.; when he died a ray of light from creation passed away. I see it stated in some of the papers that he was originally one of the proprietors of the New Orleans "Picayune." This is an error; that paper was established by Mr. LUMSDEN, still one of the principal owners. Mr. Finn happened to be in New Orleans at the time, and wrote their Prospectus, which for genuine wit and humor is unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the world. As an actor, Mr. Finn was essentially of that genuine laughter-loving, care-killing species, whose representations are rich in native spontaneous humor, and who invariably call forth the genial sympathies of the lovers of nature in her merriest mood. He was an artist of an extensive range of character, in each eminently successful, and in some he stood without a rival. He was equally great in characters of pathos; who would have imagined it possible for a performer at one moment to keep the risible muscles in active motion, and at the next to beat irresistibly at the door of our tenderest sympathies, and to bring down the "shower" of the heart as liberally as he just before called forth its "sunshine." Let those who have witnessed his *Job Thornbury*, his *Michael Perrin*, that exquisite impersonation of the blended simplicity and *bon hommie* of a French *curé*, and above all, his *Monsieur Jacques*, universally considered a master-piece of pathos and humor, in which *role* he commanded alternately our willing smiles and unreluctant tears, join in the tribute to his peculiar and powerful genius. Such was Finn as an actor. But how can we recal his wit, his humor, his admirable play upon words, and his celebrated conundrums? These will be remembered when other and brighter things shall have passed away. It is said of Michael Angelo, that he sucked in sculpture with his milk; the same beautiful idea may be expressed in regard to the lamented Finn, that he sucked in wit with his milk, and with propriety, too, for never was there a man in whose breast the milk of human kindness (handmaid to humor and a joyous heart) was so abundant. Peace to his manes, and may his memory dwell with votaries of the drama until the last scene closes on earth.

In looking over a dramatic journal, or note, I find the following:—"March 9th, 1818—Mr. H. J. Finn made his first appearance in Philadelphia as 'Hamlet.'"

"March, 1818.—Mr. Finn made his first appearance in New York this month. He is a native of this city, but who has played in New England, and has enacted a few characters in the higher walks, both of tragedy and comedy, with approbation."

From some of the New York dramatic writers I look anxiously for a biography of Finn.

Yours, C. C.

THEATRICAL ON DITS.

BURTON is playing an engagement at the National theatre, Washington City.

RANGER had a crowded benefit and a gold medal at the Tremont theatre, on Monday night.

The SEGUINS and HORNCASTLE go immediately to Charleston, S. C., where are ABBOTT and LATHAM. It is now certain that they return to England in the Spring. They (the Seguins) have had good offers made them in London.

Much doubt yet hangs over the SHIRREFF and WILSON engagement at the Park. It is reported that they may do "Postillion," "Amilie," "Gustavus," &c., there, with GIUBELEI, &c., but we do not credit it.

Miss VANDENHOFF plays next week at the Chesnut-street with her father. Then a week intervenes, and they come back to the Park.

The operatic troupe will play but four nights in the week in their next engagement—a capital arrangement. A new opera by BENEDICT is in preparation for the second week.

The SLOMANS are in New Orleans playing and singing.

[For the Spirit of the Times.]

THE PARK THEATRE.

The condition and state of things at this long favored place of amusement have, in my estimation, sufficient interest to justify a few remarks through the medium of the press. I am no Critic by profession, but, at the same time, a friend of the drama. What I have to say will not be dictated by a spirit of bitterness; on the contrary, did I not care to see abuses of the drama reformed I should remain silent. I take it upon myself to make these remarks for two reasons; first, my love for the historical and ideal creations of Poets, especially of ages that are past, naturally urges me to the place, where the voice of the dead is heard, and the actions of the dead are seen. I resort there to pay my tribute of respect to the genius of SHAKSPEARE, JONSON, and MASSINGER, to see human nature personified, and to see of time, "his age and body, his form and pressure." And secondly, those who may expect these under present arrangements at the Park, must be sadly disappointed, inasmuch as the representation of characters, in many instances, sinks down to flat burlesque, and is received with derisive applause.

Parts of dignity and character are alloted to mere *sticks*, totally destitute of suitable personal appearance, to say nothing of a greater destitution of intellectual power, of judgment in action, and taste in reading. We need name but one or two instances. The part of *Friar Lawrence*, in "Romeo and Juliet," is taken by Mr. Gann. Whatever Mr. Simpson's ideas of the *Friar* may be, it is certain his audience think that Mr. G looks the character badly. Of all the *Friars* on earth, he is the man whom Julius Cæsar would choose for a safe companion. He reads just enough for Cæsar; and has not that *hungry look* that he so much feared. And if he sleeps as soundly in his bed as he seems at times to sleep on the stage, he can feel little uneasiness "while he beholds a greater than himself." He does not look like the pious, temperate, and studious man of God; but our first impression of him, on his entrance upon the stage, is, that he has just emerged from the Cornucopia—from a repast of "cakes and ale"—and that, with these impressions, we are not shocked that the "ghostly" friar should murder his fine speech, commencing, "The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night." Similar to Mr. Simpson's ideas of Friars are his notions of *Princes*, as would appear from the cast in the same tragedy.

What I wish to convey by these remarks is simply this—parts are given without cessation, to those who are incapable of executing them properly. But this is not all, for, at times, we see genuine talent as much debased as at others we see spurious talent exalted—we see those who, in defiance of every embarrassment, have risen to an elevated place in the profession, thrust through every variety of character, from the king to the footman, from the queen to the chambermaid. We see Miss CUSHMAN, whose professional talents are of the highest order, and whose literary talents the public has long cherished, made the "stay and support" of every department of the drama. The same may be said of Mr. RICHINGS. He has no legitimate line assigned him, and he must consequently be deprived of much of that force of personation, which a proper confinement to his sphere would enable him to produce.

The scenery of the theatre is in many instances so venerable as to attract little admiration. The same as ten years ago, "without variableness or shadow of turning," with the exception of marks about the edges, as if handled by the slovenly shifters with greasy hands, and a large quantity of dust spread over the surface. We see in every place the same flower-garden, the same grove, the same castles and towers, and the same individuals managing them; thrusting out their naked arms at the changes, as interludes, to the admiration of the audience.

Again, the furniture and its management has given rise to many bitter complaints. Every thing in that line has the appearance of carelessness and indifference on the part of the manager. We see nothing but kitchen chairs in palace scenes; in the banquet of Macbeth, the master of the assembly has placed for his use a similar chair to what may be found in criminal's cells of the Egyptian Tombs. How unlike Royal pageantry! and what enlightened spectator can avoid being disgusted.

To sum up all in a few words, Mr. Simpson cannot expect the patronage of the public short of a reform altogether. He must give each of his company a legitimate line; and, in so doing, if he finds that for the parts of *Friars* and *Princes* he has no suitable persons he must expect the disapprobation and derision of his audience, and if it is heaped upon the heads of those unfortunate individuals whom he thrusts forward in those characters, it nevertheless is intended for him. If he will reform this, if he will reform the scenery and furniture, and restore the harmony of the stage, the public will again take him by the hand, and restore to him their patronage.

F.

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP.

Miss Austin and the Covent Garden Management—Mr. C. Mathews has addressed the following letter to the papers:—"Nothing but absolute necessity would have made me send the following.—Seeing that one of the morning papers has inserted an article concerning the engagement of Miss Austin at Covent Garden theatre, containing some of the most vile falsehoods that could be invented, I send this account of the affair, knowing your readiness always to set the public right. When Miss Austin first entered into an engagement at Covent Garden theatre, it was on these terms—that if she succeeded, she should have ten pounds a night for every night she performed after the first night. She succeeded; and after performing fourteen nights, I received a letter from her father, stating that he thought his daughter was worth twenty pounds a night. Not choosing to put up with this demand, the engagement ceased."

Paris, Dec. 15.—Madame Eugenie Garcia made her debut a few days ago at the Opera Comique, in a new opera in two acts, composed by M. M. Cappola and Girard. This debut has been a most successful one. Mme. Garcia has an expressive countenance, regular features, and her acting is intelligent and animated. Her voice is a fine, extensive, and flexible contralto, which she manages with much art. In the second act of the opera, which betrays many a reminiscence, Mme. Garcia excited the loudest applause, and drew upon herself a shower of wreaths and bouquets.

A new tenor, Mirate, who is not above four-and-twenty years of age, has met with a favorable reception at the Italian Opera, in the part of Rodrigo, in Rossini's "Otello." An opera never performed here is about to be represented at that theatre. It is the "Ines de Castro" of Il Maestro Guiseppe Persiani, the husband of the celebrated cantatrice, Fanny Tacchinardi Persiani, who is to enact the principal character in "Ines." Signor Persiani, who is, like Donizetti, of the Neapolitan school, and an *eléve* of Zingarelli, has composed "Gaston de Foix," "Il Solitario," "Constantino in Arles," "Ensenico di Messina, "Danao," and lastly, "Ines de Castro." The last three operas, which are Persiani's best works, have been performed at the theatres of San Carlo, at Naples, La Fenice, at Venice, and La Scala, at Milan. "Ines de Castro" especially, which was written for Mesdames Malibran and Albini, and Duprez and Porto, has been represented with success in the principal cities of Italy. "Ines de Castro" is dedicated, with her Majesty's permission, to the Queen of England. We shall soon learn whether the score be worthy of the patronage of that distinguished crowned *virtuose*.

A new Italian company, under the management of Signor Crivelli, is about to perform at Lyons.

Mademoiselle Rachel.—The Mayor of the 12th arrondissement of Paris lately waited on Mademoiselle Rachel, and requested that she would perform at the Odeon for the benefit of the poor. The moment she understood the object of the application she exclaimed, "Play for the poor! Oh, most willingly, Sir. I was not long ago one of the number. Command my services; I will play for them as long as you please."

Paris paper.

"Der Freischutz" was at last brought out at Drury Lane theatre on Saturday evening, Dec. 14. The house was unusually full, and the new cast seemed to have attracted. Miss Delcy, recovered from her illness, was the Agatha, and made a favorable impression in the part. The audience seemed determined to be pleased with all she said and all she sang. In the scena in the second act they clamored for an encore with less consideration than enthusiasm. She certainly acquitted herself creditably, but did not in any respect alter our previously expressed opinion of her powers and capabilities. Her voice has in its higher tones a pinched thinness and want of warm melodious volume, and she bursts up to her points of execution, instead of swelling gradually to the compass she wishes to achieve. Some of her contralto notes, however, are beautiful and of sweet expression. Miss Delcy *acted* with some self-possession, but evinced nervousness under the excitement of applause. She was continually cheered by her friends, and called for at the fall of the curtain. She was led on by Frazer with no small awkwardness. Frazer himself sustained the part of Rudolph with credit, and, although no actor, and evincing the physical deficiencies which are so detrimental in a large theatre, yet sang with care and expression. Phillips had his old part of Caspar, which he has seldom given to less advantage. We cannot say that he sang badly, for that he never does; but he sang *idly*, and did not bring forth the full energy of his fine baritone to develope the eloquence of his part. There was, however, some clamor for him after the opera, but he did not appear, resigning to Frazer the leading on of Miss Delcy. A sort of *nonchalance*, in a word, pervaded his demeanour, but, nevertheless, it was impossible not to feel his acquisition to the operatic strength of the Drury Lane company. The general getting up, appointments, scenery, &c., were upon a poor scale. The incantation scene was worthless as to character and effect, and there was no brilliancy in the *tout ensemble*. The opera was much curtailed, and the *libretto* was an absurd amalgamation of Macgregor Legan with Rophino Lacy. We cannot get good *librettos—plus dommage!* Frazer announced the opera for repetition.

Morning Post.

DRAMATIC GASTRONOMY.

Of all theatical illusions, the falsest, the most cruel to all actors who are *bons vivans*, is one of those comedies wherein the plot is unravelled at a fictitious banquet of pasteboard fowles, wooden pies, and stuffed fishes. What a woful grimace the poor artist must make when obliged to indulge his appetite upon dainties which have been twenty or thirty years in the theatical larder; or when, in the middle of a thrilling couplet of champagne, he is forced to swollow whole bumpers of Setzer water, which are to bring on an intoxication as fictitious as the beverage that produces it. Oh! how I pity the *gourmet* actor! The wretched man lives only on falsehoods, and the cup of life yields him but bitterness? Among those who have left a name in the drama, many did not easily submit to this fantastic diet. Martin, the renowned tenor of the Opera Comique, when he played in the "Nouveau Seigneur du Village," insisted upon the management supplying a dinner of real *flesh and blood*, and, above all, a bottle of genuine chambertin, in the memorable duet in which he tastes that excellent wine. Hippolyte, the actor of the Vaudevilles, made a similar agreement for *Pierrot*, or the *Diamant perdu*, and the consequence was that he drank two bottles of champagne a night, and left the theatre drunk one hundred and fifty nights. It was the part he liked best, which made Desaugiers, the author of the piece, observe that he would prefer playing it to having written it. A witty actress of one of our secondary theatres is, it is said, in the habit of providing delicate dishes and wines at her own expense when dramatic pieces *à soupers fins* require her presence in table scenes. She is a person who loves but genuine nature, and I declare that I respect her and her talents, which all Paris appreciates as well as her sprightliness. As for the unfortunate *figurans* who are stationed, though in general provided with good appetites, round a table chimerically loaded with artificial flowers and hams, truffled turkeys, and fragrant pineapples, all stuffed with straw or hay, I know of no situation more woeful, and would willingly put my name to a petition tending to procure the reform of so inhuman a custom.—Besides, by substituting truth for falsehood, the managers of theatres would unconsciously become the preservers of their actresses' morality, for, by offering them a real repast, they would prevent their being tempted, after the play to a good supper at Vefour's or Very's.

La Gastronomie.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Since then portraits, in the same style of excellence, of JOHN BASCOMBE and Imp. LEVIATHAN have been published, to be followed by others of SHARK, MONARCH, and HEDGEFORD, all of which will appear before the close of the present volume (9th March, 1840).

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